FIVE CENTS

Liberty

FEB. 28, 1942

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES 1903–1942

BUY
UNITED STATES DEFENSE
SAVINGS BONDS

JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

GALLANT LADY—CAROLE LOMBARD

FIRST IN QUALITY · FIRST IN REPUTATION · FIRST IN POPULARITY*

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY

100 PROOF

*AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES

Copyright 1941, National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

How Little Mistakes in Eating Can Keep You Half-Sick

WHICH DO YOU SUFFER FROM?

Dietary Indigestion—Heartburn

He is one of the countless people who suffers needlessly from dietary stomach disorders. Chapter 7 of Victor H. Lindlahr's great book shows a way to quick relief and prevention for thousands.

Common Rheumatism and Arthritis

He suffers from rheumatic pains largely because of simple mistakes in his diet. If he follows the suggestions on page eight of Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book he should get quick relief.

Excess Weight

She could reduce in no time, yet actually eat more food than she does now . . . if she only ate properly. *"You Are What You Eat"* would tell her how.

Frequent Colds

She is an easy victim of coughs and colds. Something vital is lacking in her diet. What? Read the first chapter of *"You Are What You Eat"* to see how easy it should be to put her on the road to strength and health.

Learn How to Eat Your Way to Better Health

HERE, AT LAST, is Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable method of health through diet brought to you in a big, fascinating book—at a price so low everyone can own it! In just one evening, you can learn how to *correct* mistakes in eating that may have been keeping you below par . . . you may learn how to be healthier, *happier* by following the *proven* principles of health through diet in Victor H. Lindlahr's remarkable book, *"You Are What You Eat."*

It is a book that reads like a detective novel! A book that gives you the thrilling revelations of recent nutritional discoveries . . . a book that condenses and *explains* these facts and tells you, in simple, understandable language, just how to *apply* them.

Do you suffer needlessly because of simple mistakes you are making in your eating? Let Victor H. Lindlahr help you and your family gain better health through diet. It has been done in thousands of cases. It *is* being done every day!

Don't Let Little Mistakes in Eating Rob You of Good Health

Foods are medicine . . . and Victor H. Lindlahr knows that foods have the power that may give you freedom from many common symptoms. Out of the kitchen can come meals to help put an end to many of your distressing troubles. Yes, foods often possess a remarkable power for improving health—and now Victor H. Lindlahr shows you how *to use this power!*

DO YOU KNOW?

How you may improve your complexion by a simple change in diet?

What foods help you ward off colds?

What low-calory foods are very high in mineral and vitamin value?

What high-vitamin fruits and vegetables will help build you up when you are run-down?

What are the familiar foods that often correct constipation?

What methods of cooking destroy the chief value of certain foods?

—These and hundreds of other fascinating facts about food are revealed in "YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT."

Formerly $2.50

NOW ONLY **98¢**

—send no money!

Just mail the coupon. You will receive Victor H. Lindlahr's book by return mail. When it comes pay the postman 98¢, plus a few cents postage. If at the end of 5 days you aren't thrilled—return the book and your money will be refunded without question. Mail the coupon NOW.

ACT NOW! Send this coupon —5-day free trial

JOURNAL OF LIVING PUBLISHING CORP.
Dept. A-9, 1819 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

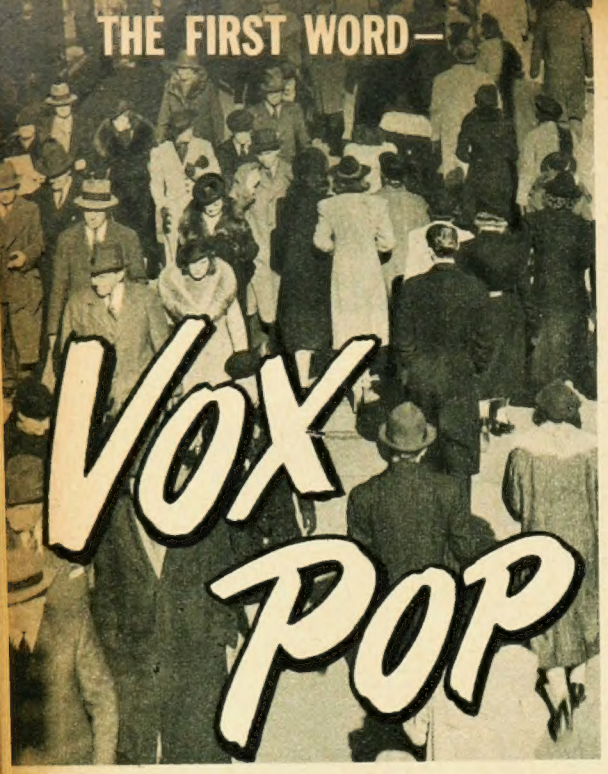
Send me Victor H. Lindlahr's Book, *"You Are What You Eat,"* for only 98c, plus a few cents postage. I understand that if not delighted I may return the book within 5 days and my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

NOTE: If apt to be out when postman calls, send $1.00 with coupon and save C. O. D. postage.



"The voice of the people"

A POINT OF VIEW ON CAROLE LOMBARD

GREENSBORO, ALA.—I have just been listening to the news of the crash of a transcontinental plane. The words rang out—the news of a great American tragedy. Carole Lombard was lost. Incidentally, and later in the broadcast, came word that with that plane fifteen army flyers had been lost.

I mean nothing personal against Miss Lombard. She is dead. I have no time for the study of the lives of movie stars, when it is events in the Philippines, Malaya, or Libya which fill my mind.

I know Jimmy Stewart is in the Army, and like him for it. With him are five boys of my own immediate family. The last to go is seventeen and has joined the Marines.

I have not seen my own husband for fifteen months—not since his children and I were evacuated from Manila. We suspect that he took his ship into battle yesterday, and are proud to think he might have had a part in sinking one of those three transports or two supply ships. We know nothing of him except what we hear over the radio, like every other American citizen.

I repeat, I mean nothing personal against Miss Lombard. But what is the life of one actress, though she be the greatest artist the world has ever known, as compared to the life of one flying man, trained by our government, fitted for that vital task of defeating the Axis powers? And there were fifteen flyers lost.

If this is printed in Liberty I shall feel that in some quarters things seem a little more in their proper relation to each other. I shall feel that my husband is risking his life for a cause greater than the preservation of the Great American Movie.—*Manie Grae Daniel.*

Liberty does not agree with Mrs. Daniel—does not believe that there was any lack of loyalty to our fighting men in the natural dismay over Carole Lombard's death. Pages 20-24 of this issue are evidence that we share it. But, agree with her or not, we feel that Mrs. Daniel has a special right to have her say. . . . Incidentally, her letter conveys a significant and little-known fact—that Navy families were being evacuated from Manila as long ago as 1940.—VOX POP ED.

WE'LL MAKE IT CONVENIENT, MR. COAN

NORFOLK, VA.—May I put in a plug for my favorite over all cartoons in all magazines? It is your "Hardtack," by Reamer Keller—the best "kid" humor I've ever seen. This is not only an opinion of mine. Many of my Liberty friends feel the same way. Please tell Mr. Keller, if it is convenient, how much Norfolk appreciates him.—*N. E. Coan.*

PROBLEM IN WHAT TO DO WITH A NAZI SUBMARINE

FOREST HILLS, N. Y.—Liberty has literally been caught red-handed in the most colossal error! The cover illustration on the January 31 issue was printed upside down, with a distressing result. One item perplexes us. The artist's signature is on the picture right side up!

This type of error is apt to make us the laughingstock of other nations, since it seems that we do not know in what medium a submarine moves.—*The Stevens School of Seamanship.*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Kindly advise why picture on front cover Liberty of January 31 appears upside down.—*James E. Vlk.*

SAYRE, PA.—Is the arm reaching down into the water and grasping the sub, which would make the picture upside down, or is the arm holding the sub up out of the water?—*James Hammond.*

There was no mistake—as is evidenced by the artist's right-side-up signature. The arm of the Navy has clutched the submarine from the deep and is brandishing it in the air. Vox Pop suggests that readers stand on their heads and see if they like the other way better.—VOX POP ED.

SOMEBODY SAID IT FRIGHTENED LITTLE CHILDREN

CANTON, OHIO—Could we have the picture of Old Sarge back on his page?—*Mrs. F. J. Fleishour.*

VOX POP EXPLOSION TURNS OUT RATHER NICELY FOR MR. SHANE

DALLAS, TEX.—For the life of me, I can't understand the squawks against Ted Shane's Cockeyed Crosswords that appeared in January 24 Vox Pop. Shane deserves the gratitude of every crossword fan in America for lifting the art from the plane of kindergarten entertainment to the realm of adult erudition. I would walk five miles gladly to get to one of Shane's Cockeyed Puzzles.—*W. J. Evans.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—I, personally, consider the Ted Shane puzzles the most interesting published.—*Mrs. L. Davis.*

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Keep them coming. —*M. G. Harbison.*

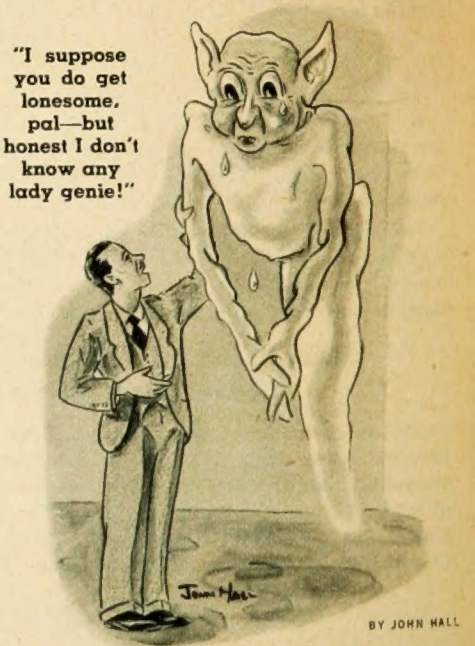
CLEVELAND, OHIO—Contrary me votes for Ted Shane, the underdog in this fight.—*Mrs. N. H. Fitzgerald.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The readers who object to the Cockeyed Crosswords very likely can't solve them.—*Frank C. Matthews.*

DES MOINES, IA.—Those who criticize Ted Shane are, to my mind, so dumb that they don't realize they are thus divulging the almost utter lack of functioning of their mental faculties—if any. Keep 'em cockeyed!—*L. R. Page.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Owing to recent difficulties with the Cockeyed Crosswords, I was inclined to be against them. But I began to be ashamed of being a bad loser when I read the for-and-against correspondence in your January

JOE AND HIS GENIE



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Know your M's

1. This is **M**___

2. This is a **M**____

3. These are **M**_____

4. This is a **M**____

5. This is a **M**_____

6. This is **M**_____ *&* **M**____

The whiskey that's Mild, Mellow, Moderate-priced.

ANSWERS: 1, *Mars;* 2, *Middy;* 3, *Manacles;* 4, *Mower;* 5, *Mandarin;* 6, *Mild and Mellow Mattingly & Moore.*

If you scored all six right, you're a genius; five, terribly bright; four, superior; three, good; two, fair; one, not up to snuff.

Not up to snuff, that is, unless—due to previous experience—the one you got right was *Mattingly & Moore.*

This proves, obviously, that you are a man of great discernment and good, sound sense . . . for M & M is really milder and mellower than many more costly whiskies.

It's probably the outstanding whiskey value in the land.

The Best of 'em is

M&M

–Know Mattingly & Moore

Blended Whiskey—86 Proof (also 80 proof)—72½% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore

DID YOU EVER TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH?

THIS MAY SEEM A STRANGE QUESTION. But thousands of enlightened Americans do take Internal Baths and attribute their vigor and state of well being to this simple water way of ridding the system of delayed waste.

A BONAFIDE INTERNAL BATH is the SELF-ADMINISTRATION into the colon of nature's greatest cleansing agent—pure warm water in which the J. B. L. Cleansing Powder has been dissolved. The appliance used is known the world over as the J. B. L. Cascade Internal Bath. Invented by the late Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., he designed it to scientifically cleanse the entire length of the colon in an easy, comfortable, effective and economical manner.

WHY TAKE AN INTERNAL BATH? Here is why: the intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). In many cases the passage of the colonic wastes is delayed entirely too long. Result: an accumulation of long-retained impacted fecal matter that is bound to be uncomfortable at best. But, in the opinion of many authorities, this mass of waste may produce more serious results. Internal Bathing is an effective means of removing this waste. Through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade you can give yourself a high colonic irrigation—and right in the privacy of your own home.

IMMEDIATE RESULTS—The Internal Bath flushes the intestinal tract immediately, quick hygienic action. It eliminates the use of laxatives and cathartics. No loss of time, uncertainty of action, or social embarrassment follows the Internal Bath. Non-habit forming, its use tends to encourage the rhythmic action of normal elimination.

FREE—You may have a copy of a 24-page booklet entitled, "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It discusses in simple language why this rational method is so effective. Investigate the merits of Internal Bathing. You may find its drugless relief a godsend. Send for your FREE copy NOW.

TEAR OFF AND MAIL AT ONCE

TYRRELL'S HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, INC.
152 W. 65th Street, Dept. L 2-28
New York, N. Y.

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Baffled at 47 feels like young man at 77

"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wits' end as to what to do about it. Tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for $1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

Leopold Aul,
1505 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I want to tell you how I am getting along with the J.B.L. Cascade. As you know, I have been using it for only three weeks, but already my eyes have a brighter luster, my step is surer and springier, my sleep is better, my appetite is better and everything that I eat digests finely. I am less bloated."

Mr. James E. Battenfield,
610 So. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

A Doctor's Opinion of INTERNAL BATHING

"I have been a user and prescriber of the J.B.L. Cascade for about twenty-eight years and now I wish I could convince everybody just what Internal Bathing means in the treatment of constipation for the *Maintenance and Preserving of good health.*"

A. L. DANIEL, M.D.,
518 Altman Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

The above testimonials are only a few of the many that we have received from thousands of J. B. L. Cascade users—men and women of all ages, all walks of life. Perhaps you, too, might benefit in the same full measure if you suffer from constipation.

24 issue, started the puzzle of that date, and, with the aid of my wife, got every word—I hope. More power to your elbow, Ted!—*Aidan Wakeman.*

OREGON CITY, ORE.—Make 'em tougher, Shane. You're slipping.—*R. V. Jefferson.*

SAGINAW, MICH.—How any one can think the Cockeyed Crosswords "abominable" is beyond me.—*Leo Audio.*

EAU CLAIRE, WIS.—Cockeye at times is heavy with mist, but what a sense of satisfaction it is to feel you possess that which makes it possible for you to diffuse that fog and bring it forth into the bright sunshine of understanding.—*Art E. Slasting.*

MENA, ARK.—
Save your gray hairs.
Don't be driven insane.
Get out a cockeyed edition
For the followers of Ted Shane.
—*G. C. Konkler.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—These birds panning Ted Shane's puzzles must be sissies.—*J. L. Hood.*

PORTLAND, ORE.—As Mrs. Gnu (quoting Ted) in the jungle said to Mrs. Gnu, we are entitled to have something gnu.—*Louie F. MacGregor.*

ALLSTON, MASS.—Personally, I think the Cockeyed Crosswords are awful.—*Doris L. Watson.*

"A BITTER PILL TO SWALLOW"

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—I haven't had a steady job since 1938. I have health, ability, intelligence, and experience to offer an employer, yet recently, when I applied for work, I was told that because my years total more than thirty-five I am too old.

After reading the nine "Freedoms," including the right to work and the right to security, that were proposed by the National Resources Planning Board for postwar America, I can't refrain from asking, wouldn't it be wiser and more humane to give unemployed women jobs now? Unfortunately for me, I'll be a year or two, perhaps five years, older then. According to the employers, I will have reached my dotage.

It is a bitter pill to swallow. Guess I'll just roll it around on my tongue a bit before swallowing. No one has thought of holding my nose to make me.

I am completely baffled by a system that is willing to pay me for not working but won't permit me to work.—*Mrs. L. M. T.*

COMEBACK FOR MRS. BERKELEY

WOBURN, MASS.—In reference to Mrs. H. Berkeley's comments on Bubbles Schinasi and Gerald McCann (January 10 Vox Pop)—I think they are both doing wonderful work to keep up morale by their sensible, useful, and interesting information in these trying times.

Shall we play into the hands of the enemy by adopting drab uniformity of dress and thought? Let us work with

our hearts and our hands, but let us also express our confidence through our brightness of appearance. Let us also keep our sanity by an interest in the many things they write about.—*Ann Martin.*

GENTLEMEN, THESE ARE HEART-WARMING WORDS

PEORIA, ILL.—I have read many editorials. We Dare Not Keep Them Waiting (January 24 Liberty) is the best. The time we have lost in labor and wage disputes would have built many bombers.

Many men who were idle during the strikes and lockouts would have been better off if they had never gone out. Many of them will have to work a year or more to make up the money they lost.

Do not get me wrong. I am a union man and have been for thirty years. But now is no time to stop to parley about wages and jurisdictional work.—*M. S. Maze.*

OSCEOLA, IA.—We Dare Not Keep Them Waiting is the best thing along this line I have seen in print.—*Ed Otis.*

WHITEHALL, MICH.—What an editorial! Wish every man, woman, and child could read it. Hope it produces results.—*Clinton C. Collier, M. D..*

WELL GOSH!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We the undersigned do hereby protest most vigorously the manner in which you are treating us! We believe it most unfair of you to abuse your old and faithful readers by the "Continued on page so-and-so" business.

Your articles are the best, your stories are grand. In fact, we all think Liberty just about *tops*, except for this new ungodly way of putting it together.—Bernice L. McBeth, Mike Stepp, Frank L. Dillman, J. H. McBeth, George F. Peters, E. S. Roberts, W. H. Eilen, R. A. Chamberlain, R. M. Miller, Bob Pence, Hazel Lowell, Louella Blocim, Helene Jennings, H. H. Sprague, Fred Bracke, M. Maude Williams, Eleanor Williams, Betty Green, Laura Green, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Ayers, Arthur A. Fonda, Mrs. R. Miller, Herman Brummett, Lennerd W. Johnson, Mrs. Lennerd W. Johnson, Eddie R. Takahashi, Ruth Ihler, H. L. Hamilton, C. F. Eugstu, Roe A. Ded, Arthur McClintock, Mrs. W. M. Stepp, J. G. DuPuy, Helen I. DuPuy, C. A. Heimannen, L. J. Gutz, Mary E. Routh, L. E. Carey, S. R. Matthew, Gertrude Matthews.

DOES HE?

ROXBURY, MASS.—In Squared-Circle Quiz (January 24 Liberty) Jack Dempsey says that Bob Pastor went the limit with Joe Louis since he won the title. He did in their first fight in 1937, shortly before Joe became champion—but in the championship bout at Detroit in 1939 Pastor was knocked out in the eleventh round. Do I hear any contradictions?—*Robert Sherer.*

YOU'RE BREAKING OURS, JOAN

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I know a little Japanese bus boy, poor, as unmilitaristic as can be imagined, who was sent out to a job. The other workers refused to work with him. He was let out. People, people . . . you're breaking my heart.—*Joan Epstein.*

SOLDIERS in OVERALLS

Tool expert Karl E. Neff, of the Brewster Aeronautical Corp. plant, Newark, N. J., boosted the output of Brewster fighting planes by a unique plan that reduced tool breakage and tool cost, and improved workmanship. Karl is an ardent pipe smoker and a Union Leader enthusiast of 10 years' standing. Because, he says, "You just can't beat Union Leader for smoothness, mellowness and all-around pipe pleasure."

Jack Hal, Polk County, Iowa, farmer and breeder of prize-winning poultry has gone "all out" for defense with record increases in production of both poultry and farm crops. Jack's hobbies are Viniculture (his grapes are prize winners, too) and pipes. His penchant for winners extends to tobacco. He says, "Union Leader is a real leader in quality. It's tops in flavor and smoothness—and I like its modest dime price."

UNION LEADER

THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE

FOR PIPE AND CIGARETTE

Copyright, 1942 by P. Lorillard Co.

THEY CAN HANDLE THE TOUGH JOBS

The men and women in the Bell System are used to meeting emergencies and they are trained and equipped to carry on in times of special need. For years they have known the test of fire, flood and storm. That experience stands in good stead in this greatest emergency of our time. The Nation is counting on telephone workers to prove faithful to the task and they will not fail. Always before them is the tradition that the message must go through.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM . . . SERVICE TO THE NATION IN PEACE AND WAR

TOO MUCH MONKEY BUSINESS

☆ EVEN in wartime ours is government by the people. Because of war's necessity, we do delegate, of course, vast powers to the President. But always the Congress—ninety-six senators and 435 representatives—remains as guardian of the rights of the people who sent them to Washington.

We hope that Congress will not make a mess of that job.

But let us look at a few examples of what is going on.

Here we are, doling out billions of dollars to win a great and dangerous struggle. Not a citizen of the United States so humble or so poor but must pay a share of those billions. Everywhere men are sacrificing, lowering their standards of living, taking their savings, which were their security, to pay their taxes. Nevertheless, in such a time, and by a political maneuver that smells more of ward-heeling than of statesmanship, the august lawmakers of this great nation pass a law to pension themselves. It is not the amount of money involved; that is small enough in these billion-dollar days. But the hypocrisy by which this bill was passed and the brashness of its lack of official self-respect and integrity are abhorrent to the voters who sent these solons to Washington—and sent them there to do a job of reducing unnecessary, nondefense expenditures!

As if that were not enough to dismay the heart of the average American—who pays taxes until he is barefoot, and who is fighting in the war while congressmen pass themselves pensions—we see the same lawmakers doing monkey business with one of the most important bills ever to be voted on—the bill covering the control of prices. The lawmakers were afraid of the farmers, so they lifted the price standard out of all reason and then gave a double-headed control to the thing, so that neither Henderson nor Wickard is really the boss and nothing of any real consequence is being done to hold back the threatening hurricane of inflation.

These are not trivial matters. The reduction of nondefense spending and the control of prices may determine whether the war is long or short.

Politics at a time like this is a crime. It does visible and invisible damage. The second is the greater damage because it strikes at the faith and the will to win of our countrymen.

Suspicion and despair are as dangerous as enemy bombers. Especially we must have faith in our leaders!

But they make it difficult sometimes.

When every common man's son must take his chances with the draft board, why does Mrs. Roosevelt take up the cudgels for Joe Lash, renegade radical who says now that he did not mean what he said when he talked like a Communist?

We know her motives are sincere, but why should the wife of the President try to jam that former leader of the Youth Congress down the throats of the United States navy—not as a seaman at twenty-one dollars a month but as an officer, and, of all ironies, in the intelligence division at $4,000 a year? She must know that, to some of us, this is disturbing beyond expression.

This nation has been remarkably calm and patient about the blunder of Pearl Harbor. It has not liked the jockeying between Congress and the President about the Labor Control Board. It views with increasing apprehension the callous indifference of leaders to public opinion. Let them then beware of public outrage. The citizens pay and die. They also vote. This is a government of, by, and for the people. There has been too much disregard of that fundamental, awe-inspiring, and never-to-be-changed fact. Our legislators and our officials and all our leaders will be well advised to cut out politics and monkey business.

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O. J. ELDER PUBLISHER · FULTON OURSLER EDITOR IN CHIEF · ALFRED C. STRASSER ART EDITOR

National Defense, LT. GEN. ROBERT LEE BULLARD • Politics, WALTER KARIG • Boxing, JACK DEMPSEY • Theater, GEORGE JEAN NATHAN Movies, HOWARD BARNES • Europe, ROBERT LOW • Industry & Finance, GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY • Books, DONALD L. GORDON • General Affairs, FREDERICK L. COLLINS Women's Interests, PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN • Lexicography, DR. CHARLES EARLE FUNK • Associate Editor, SHEPPARD BUTLER • Article Editor, OLIN H. CLARK Fiction Editor, MABEL SEARCH • Managing Editor, LEE PASQUIN

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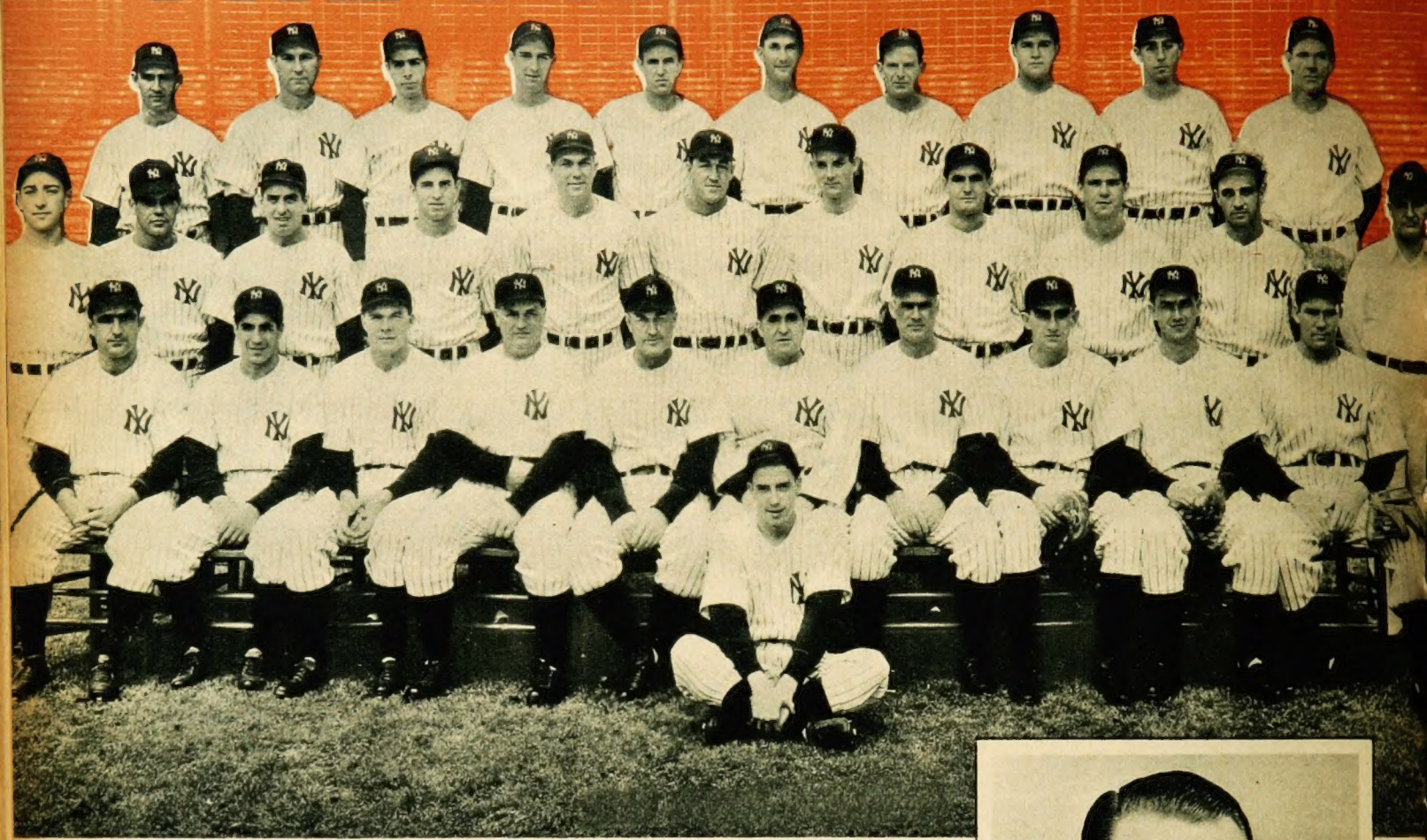


Here they are—the Yanks of today, 1941 world champions—in one of their own favorite photos.

American saga, 1903-1942—The biography of a baseball team whose fame will never die

BY WAITE HOYT AND FRANK GRAHAM

READING TIME • 18 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

PART ONE—HOW THE YANKEES WERE BORN

☆ THIS is the story of a ball club. It begins in 1903 and there is, as yet, no end to it. It is the story of the New York Yankees, whose creation made the American League and who became the most powerful and efficient organization baseball ever has known.

The American League, under the leadership of Byron Bancroft Johnson, was struggling for recognition as a major league. Johnson had on his side Charles A. Comiskey, the Old Roman; Clark Griffith, even then known as the Old Fox; and Connie Mack, youthful manager of the Athletics. He had the financial support of Ben and Tom Shibe, Philadelphia sporting-goods manufacturers, and Charles W. Somers, Boston contractor. He had a handful of famous players, taken in raids on the National League. All he needed was a club in New York.

There the opposition was most formidable. The Giants were owned by John T. Brush, an enemy of Johnson from the time he owned the Indianapolis club in the Western League, of which Ban also had been president and out of which the American League had grown. Brush's manager was John McGraw. Johnson, with his eyes on New York from the beginning, had intended to put McGraw in there. Now McGraw was there—but in the camp of the enemy.

Thwarted in several attempts to gain a foothold, Johnson was introduced by his friend Joe Vila, a sports writer, to Frank Farrell and William S. (Big Bill) Devery. Farrell was a gambler and a partner in the ownership of a racing stable. Devery, last Chief of the New York Police Department, was

And here's Waite Hoyt, who in 1921-29 was, as every fan knows, one of the Yanks' star pitchers. Now he's on the mound as a baseball expert.

in the real-estate business. Johnson, transferring the Baltimore franchise to New York, sold it to them, together with a ready-made team to be managed by Griffith, for $18,000. They agreed to build a park at 168th Street and Broadway. That was in January of 1903. On May 1 the park was opened. The rocky ground that was its site had been cut down, built up, filled in, leveled off. A wooden grandstand and bleachers to accommodate 15,000 had sprung up. A wooden clubhouse had been built back of center field and a wooden fence flung about the park.

The team, christened the Highland-

OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES

Just a few of the fans lined up at Yankee Stadium's bleacher entrance at 7 A. M. for the opening game of last fall's world series.

ers because its home was on the highest part of Manhattan Island, included Willie Keeler, probably the greatest place hitter that ever lived; John Ganzel, still ranked among the leading first basemen although he was fast wearing out; Herman Long, late of Boston's Big Four (Tenney, Lowe, Long, and Collins); and Jack Chesbro, who the year before had helped to pitch the Pittsburgh Pirates to the pennant in the National League. It had lost the opening game of the season in Washington on April 22. Now it was home for the first time.

The day was bright and the park gaily decorated; the crowd filled the grandstand and bleachers. There was a parade to the flagpole, the band played Yankee Doodle and Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, and the crowd stood up and sang. The park was in reasonably good shape, except for right field. There hadn't been sufficient time to fill in a ravine out there, and Robinson, leading off for Washington, hit a ball into it for a ground-rule double. But the Highlanders won the game, 6 to 2, behind the fine pitching of Chesbro. Keeler, in four times at bat, got two doubles and two walks, scored three runs, and, trying for a fourth, was thrown out at the plate.

The Highlanders finished fourth in 1903, and lost the 1904 pennant in a photo finish when Chesbro, pitching against Bill Dinneen in the decisive game, let the winning run in on a wild pitch. In 1905 the club's fight for patronage received tremendous impetus with the arrival of Hal Chase on the hilltop. Chase, fresh-faced, grinning, impudent, had a positive genius for playing first base, coupled with a catlike agility. Hilltop fans boasted that their team had a first baseman who made Dan McGann of the Giants look like a truck horse.

One of Chase's most startling plays was to cut in front of the pitcher on an intended sacrifice bunt, with a man on second, and get the ball to the third baseman in time to retire the runner. Some one reported this to Napoleon Lajoie, then with Cleveland and a great hitter. "I hope he tries it on me," he said. "I'll knock the ball down his throat."

When Chase tried it, Lajoie, instead of bunting, took a full swing. He hit the ball solidly, but Chase, although but a few feet from him, caught it in his gloved hand, and then, very calmly, tossed it to Jimmy Williams at second base, doubling the runner off the bag.

(*Continued on page 46*)

Then as now!—Highlander rooters in action. Till 1915, the Yanks were Highlanders.

SOLD FOR A SONG

BY ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

Driven by fear of a melody that laughed from a machine! . . A story of the way of a transgressor

A girl's arms began to weave sinuously as she danced flat-footed on the sand.

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ RIKER, this breezeless morning on the beach at Parnurma, was dourly aware of two facts. First, there wasn't a single customer in his trading store and hadn't been for a week. Second, his competitor was doing a land-office business. It made Riker want to pick a fight with some one—preferably with that smooth-lipped young Yankee down there. What did a kid like that know about the copra trade, anyway?

From his own *lanai* Riker could look down at the other store and see islanders file in and out, while native clerks lugged produce bags to the weighing room. And he could see a sandy young man in whites, Miles Winthrop, graciously receive a high-ranking chief at the door. A sign over that same door read:

BURTON-QUILP SOUTH SEA TRADING COMPANY, LTD.
London Sydney Melbourne

Riker, of course, knew that Burton-Quilp had a branch station, under a local manager, on a hundred other coconut islands like Parnurma. Being an independent trader himself, Riker disliked chain establishments. And being a sixteen-stone bruiser with less conscience than temper, he felt an urge to go do a bit of bruising on Miles Winthrop. Years ago, at Port Moresby, Riker had in fact killed a man he'd resented less than he now resented Winthrop.

Heat stings made Riker take off his helmet and fan at his meaty red face. The face was shaggily unkempt, and an open shirt exposed a no less shaggy chest with a spread-wing frigate bird tattooed there. Duck slacks no longer white sagged about his short thick legs like twin bags. He sat down and tried to lay the helmet on his lap; but the bulge at his middle plus the shortness of his legs cheated him of a lap. The helmet slithered to the floor, and Riker kicked at it.

"Mornin', matey—how's trade?" This greeting came from Skipper Sol Shantwell, whose grimy little one-funnel tramp rode at anchor in the lagoon. Shantwell, a thin, bony man with cunning eyes, made the inquiry with a taunting inflection. He could see, of course, that Riker's place was empty of both customers and clerks.

But Riker didn't lash back at him. Shantwell, he sensed, had something up his sleeve. In seasons past these two had had dealings, legitimate and otherwise. Externally they were opposites, Riker being an Australian and the brutish, roughshod cut, while Sol Shantwell was an American with a certain finesse of trickery which never needed to use anything so crude as a punch in the nose.

"If you've anything on yer mind, let's 'ave it," Riker said.

Skipper Shantwell sat down, took a cigar from his cap band, and lighted it. As he puffed it coolly he waved toward the Burton-Quilp agency downbeach. "You'll need to do something about that, Riker. If you don't, you'll go bust in no time."

Riker couldn't deny it.

"So I'll make you a proposition," Sol suggested. "Listen. I undertake to double your volume of trade by the next time I drop a hook here. If I fail, you don't owe me a thing. If I succeed, then you give me a one-third interest in your store."

Riker knew there was a catch in it. Naturally, a seagoing swindler like Sol couldn't be trusted. Still, no harm in seeing what the blighter's game was. "Let's 'ave it," Riker growled.

Sol then confided with apparent irrelevance: "I dropped my hook at Frisco this last trip. And while I was there I went to a picture show. Know how they run 'em now, up Frisco way?"

Riker listened cautiously. This clearly was some crooked approach.

"Well," Sol went on, "you buy a ticket, and it has a coupon with it. You tear off half the coupon and drop it in a slot. Then you see a pile of dishes, or maybe a washing machine, on exhibit. And on Saturday night you go to the movies again. They pull a number outa the box, and if it's your number you get the dishes. Or sometimes it's an automobile or a pot o' gold."

"Read abort it in the piper," Riker muttered. "They call it bank nite."

"I'll grab orf orl the tride," Riker boasted. "Just wite an' see."

Sol hitched his chair closer. "The thing you need, chum, is to run your trading business down here the same way."

Riker curled a lip. "Give awaiy dishes?" he derided.

"Give away phonographs," Sol corrected. "With each trade your native customer gets a number which he drops in a kitty. On Saturday night you draw out the lucky number and then give the winner a brand-new shiny phonograph with a nickel-plated morning-glory horn and—"

"It's balmy," Riker cut in, "and it'd mike me larff, Sol, if I wasn't so blarsted 'ot."

"Listen, chum. I got fifty phonographs aboard the Graybird. It's a shipment I'm stuck with, on account of a consignee at Auckland refusing to accept, so I attached it to cover charges. Fifty handsome talking machines, each with a record that plays Aloha to Hawaiian orchestration. Any South Sea native'd go wild over it. He likes a gamble, too. So here's a combination he can't resist—music and a lottery. Think it over, Riker."

The trader shook his head. "Wouldn't give yer a thin shillin' fer the lot, Sol. Go peddle 'em somewhere else."

"But they won't cost you a penny," Sol insisted. "Except that if they double your volume of trade I get a one-third interest."

Riker eyed him narrowly. "Yer 'and me over the phonographs scot-free and no obligaition?"

"That's the idea, chum."

Riker mulled it over. What could he lose? If he should try out the scheme, how could Sol Shantwell, away sailing the seas, ever prove whether or not it doubled Riker's trade here?

Slyness grew in Riker's eyes. "All right, Sol," he agreed.

Fifty boxed phonographs came ashore from the Graybird. Shantwell delivered them to Riker's stock room and didn't even ask a receipt. And Riker accepted the goods with smug assurance. At the very least he was ahead two hundred pounds, for the machines should easily be worth four pounds each. And since nothing was in writing, Riker later could admit tripling his business and still not need to convey any part of it to Shantwell.

Sol opened one box and set up a phonograph on Riker's counter. The machine, due to its ornate morning-glory horn, at least made a glittering appearance. Riker complained a little because only one record came with each phonograph. It played Aloha on one side, while on the other was a tenor solo in Italian—the famous *Vesti la giubba* from Pagliacci.

"The nitives won't go much fer that opera one," Riker growled. He admitted, however, that the Hawaiian number would quite suit the local tastes.

Skipper Shantwell withdrew to his ship and put to sea. And Riker immediately made ready to launch the scheme. He prepared a box with a slot in it. Using stencils, he ran off crude coupons, each with matched numbers. He then placed one of the phonographs out in front of his store and started the Aloha record. He stationed a boy there to wind the thing so that the record would keep repeating. Except that occasionally, to avoid monotony, the boy must turn the record over and play *Vesti la giubba*.

Over the machine Riker put an announcement in the native language: To Be Given Away Absolutely Free.

The sign drew a crowd. Barelegged Polynesians eyed this singing machine at first curiously and then with delight. They'd never seen one before. A young man began clapping his hands; a girl's bare arms began to weave sinuously as she danced flat-footed on the sand.

At last an old chief went in to tell Riker that, since the instrument was free, he would accept the gift at once.

"Wite till next Saturday night," Riker explained. "With each 'un'erd-pound bag of copra yer bring in 'ere, to exchinge fer tride goods, yer get a number. Yer drop it in that box. On Saturday night you yerself, chief, can reach in and pull out a number. Whoever shows the stub of that number can wark orf with the prize."

It took more explaining than that. But finally the chief caught the idea. He went out and relayed it to his people.

Following advice from Sol Shantwell, Riker went out into the crowd and picked the two most popular young natives on the island—one a boy named Tama and the other a girl named Reba. He hired them at a fair wage to report as clerks in his storeroom. "I'll put you in charge at the scales, Tama."

The chiefs were impressed. The posted price for copra was the same at each store, nine pounds per ton; and with Tama as weighmaster here, Riker couldn't cheat them on weights. The crowd grew while the phonograph kept charming it with song. Riker could see that every man, woman, and child of them wanted to take that music home. Would they be back tomorrow with copra?

☆ THEY were back, and with bulging bags of it. The stream of customers amazed Riker. It kept Tama busy at the scales, and porters kept up a steady flow to the warehouse door. Riker and Reba dispensed in exchange, over the counters, hard candy and pink soap and tinned meat and axes and imitation jewelry. Coupon after coupon went through the slot.

That first day Riker took in ten tons of copra. On the next he took in fourteen. By Saturday night his volume had doubled the best previous week in all his trading career.

He celebrated with a quart of gin. Saturday night found him with a roaring head, but elated. He bawled for the boy to keep that phonograph going all evening without a stop. The premium, he shouted to the crowd, would be given away at nine o'clock.

But now it was only seven—which held the crowd there two hours in suspense. And those who had cash spent it at the counters. Reba's cash register tinkled merrily from seven till nine. Then a native chief drew a number from the box. A *matai* from a distant village stepped up, exposed a stub with the same number on it. Then he snatched up his prize and dashed off with it in triumph. The other natives followed, cheering. It left only Riker and two white visitors in the store.

"Seems legal enough," Clyde Bantree admitted. Being the official in charge of law and order here at Parnurma, Bantree had merely dropped

in to see if Riker's operation tonight was legitimate.

The other visitor, Miles Winthrop, agreed generously. "Sure thing," he said. "Up where I came from it's common practice." Then a grin overspread Winthrop's young and extremely Yankee face. "Means I'll have to open up with the same racket myself, or else Rike here'll grab off all the trade."

"I'll grab orf orl the tride," Riker boasted. "Just wite an' see."

He turned to wink a puffy eye at Bantree, and Bantree gave a sad nod. The island official liked Miles Winthrop. But, being British, he knew something which Miles had yet to learn. He knew exactly what Burton-Quilp South Sea Trading Company, Ltd., steeped in its conservative traditions, would say when Winthrop proposed emulating the carnival-like lotteries of a competitor.

"They'll say, my lad," predicted Bantree, "that it's undignified, unethical, and un-British."

☆ BY the time that response arrived from the Sydney offices of Burton-Quilp, five weeks had elapsed on Parnurma Island. Five glittering phonographs, each equipped with an Aloha record, had been given away by Riker. And each week Riker's volume of trade grew greater, while trade at Winthrop's dwindled.

Riker explained it with hoarse chortles to Bantree: "They're jealous of each other, them nitive villages are. When one village gets a singin' machine, the next village's got to 'ave one too. So the blighters keep a-comin'."

The same motive of envy ruled within individual villages. If one family won a phonograph at Riker's, its neighbor had to have one too. So the islanders kept flocking to Riker's.

Occasionally a winner complained because there was only one record. So Riker promised to ship in a selection of records and sell them at a moderate price. But he remembered a tip from Sol Shantwell. "Get the phonographs distributed first," Sol had advised. "After that you can start the record racket."

Where was that old seagoing swindler, anyway? Often, late at night over a rum punch, Riker wondered why Shantwell hadn't made him put the deal in writing. Trade here had more than doubled, but how could Shantwell hope to collect? It wasn't like him to be that careless. Was there a catch in it? Sometimes, after taking a tot too much, Riker had bad dreams about Shantwell.

But the copra kept pouring in, and the premiums kept going out.

When a trading ship dropped anchor, Riker always had a copra cargo ready. It was Miles Winthrop who had to shake his head to each calling skipper. "Looks like Riker's got the Indian sign on me, for the time being. Try me again next trip, captain."

Weeks and months slipped by and trade continued brisk at Riker's. On the night that Riker gave away his thirtieth phonograph, Miles Winthrop said to him with a grin: "All I ask, Rike, is just one little favor. Change that record. Those same two songs are driving me nuts."

"It's the only record I got," Riker growled. Actually, it was getting on his own nerves, too. All day the record played in front of his store, to remind customers there'd be another drawing Saturday night. And when Riker made a tour about the island, those same two songs would blare at him in every village.

And still nothing was heard from Sol Shantwell. Why wasn't Sol keeping in touch? Maybe the Graybird had run afoul on some reef, Riker thought hopefully. Or maybe Shantwell had been caught up with, after a career of slippery dealings, and was now in jail somewhere.

As the year drew toward a close the stock of phonographs ran low. Finally the forty-ninth Saturday passed and the forty-ninth premium was carried away by a customer. It left Riker with only the one which he kept in front of his store as an advertising clarion. He would continue to keep it until he'd stocked up with new premiums.

☆ "YOU'RE getting fat, chum." The intruding voice startled Riker. It was just after nightfall and he was dozing in his storeroom. A tropic squall swooping in at sunset had wrecked all prospect of trade and so Riker had sent his staff home. And now the pounding of rain had kept him from hearing this pussyfoot entrance of Sol Shantwell.

"That blow all but scuttled me," Sol announced. He peeled off his dripping oilskins and then perched himself on a counter. "I got in through the reef just in time, chum."

On the counter stood an open bottle of rum with which Riker had settled down for the evening. Skipper Shantwell now picked it up and took a comfortable pull from it. He brushed a sleeve across his lips.

"That's right," Riker mumbled. "Mike yerself at 'ome."

Sol cocked an impudent eye. "Why not, chum? Seein' as the business is one third mine, why wouldn't I make myself at home?"

"One third yours? Dawn't mike me larff, Sol."

Sol seemed more amused than affronted. His cockeyed stare shifted to a table just inside the door on which stood a phonograph with a spreading morning-glory horn. The clerks, just before leaving, had brought this inside to keep the storm from wetting it.

"You're not denyin' that deal, are you, Riker?"

"There ain't any deal," Riker said stonily. He moved over to be near a counter drawer which held a gun, in case Sol should get tough.

"I was afraid of that, Riker," Sol sighed. "I thought you might try playin' freeze-out. So I'm raisin' the ante. I'll take a half interest now, 'stead of only a third."

Riker snapped back, "Yer'll tike nothin', and like it!"

"You mean just because we didn't put it in writing?" Sol murmured. And Riker didn't like the look in those pale, crafty eyes.

"Yer dumped orf some junk yer was stuck with," Riker maintained. "I pide fer it with cargo, and so—"

"And so that's your story and you stick to it," Sol broke in. "All right, chum. Listen to mine. It's that your real name's Bradshaw and you hail from Port Moresby. And at Port Moresby you're wanted for killing a planter named Roach."

The red drained from Riker's rum-daubed cheeks, then flushed back in splotchy streaks brighter than ever. His hand tightened on the gun in the drawer. "Yer 'ere to blackmile me, are yer?"

"Call it what you want," Sol said. "It couldn't be done a year ago, because you didn't have an estate; so I had to build up an estate for you. Skipper Griggson of the Argentina tells me you've grabbed all the trade on this island and that your business is now worth around ten thousand pounds."

Riker didn't answer him. The only sure thing was that he must never let Shantwell leave here alive.

"Croakin' me won't do you any good," Sol warned, "because there's fifty witnesses out against yuh, Riker. If you don't believe it, go over and play that solo from Pagliacci. You've been soundin' it off for a year now," Sol chuckled. "You've scattered that record all over the island. And the only reason it hasn't hung you yet is because nobody's come along who can understand Eyetalian."

Riker stared. His hand went numb on the gun.

"But give him time, chum. Some day an Eyetalian's bound to come ashore here. And when he does—" Sol looped fingers about his own skinny neck to pantomime a rope.

"Yer carn't run no blizer on me like that," Riker choked out.

☆ SOL drooped a sly eyelid. "I worked it like this," he explained. "The records had Aloha on one side and they were blank on the other. At a night spot in Frisco I saw a broken-down opera singer, an Eyetalian, and he was singin' this tenor solo from Pagliacci. I asked him if he could sing the wrong words to it for a case of champagne. He said for a case of champagne he could sing eeny, meeny, miney, mo to it. So I wrote seventeen words in English, like this: 'Bradshaw, who murdered Roach at Port Moresby, is living on Parnurma Island under the name of Riker.' Then I made this ex-opera singer translate it into Eyetalian.

"Later I had him sing that line to the tune from Pagliacci. He practiced till he got it pat. Then he sang the real Pagliacci, and near the end of it, to the same tune, he added the line about Port Moresby. I recorded his voice on the blank side of that Aloha

(*Continued on page 41*)

WHAT PRICE

PRESS ASSN. INC. PHOTOS

This time, no propaganda—none where Byron Price is concerned as Director of Censorship.

It is for, and by, all of us—to save lives. Here's how it works, where it can fail, what you can do

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ "CENSORSHIP" is a word that makes the average free-born American grit his teeth—in time of peace. Yet in wartime we Americans all realize without being told that were no control exercised over the publication of facts, the enemy would profit enormously. Exercise of such control is censorship. We are a nation adult enough to accept it by name. Twenty-five years ago a really harsh censorship was imposed upon us, but with the prissy, sugar-coating title of the "Committee on Public Information." That agency, headed by George Creel, combined with its function of censorship the business of propaganda—and there is a word to rile any good American any time!

When Byron Price, executive news editor of the Associated Press, was named chief of the federal board of censorship, he accepted with the proviso that he would be required to dish out no propaganda. He found President Roosevelt to be in full accord with him.

The chief if not the only function of censorship, as Price sees it, is *to save lives.* Therefore censorship will work only to blackout *military,* and factually military, information. There is to be no censorship of opinion, Price declares and the President agrees. This at once establishes the difference between the censorship a democracy imposes upon itself and the kind that is in force in Germany, in Japan, in Spain, where utterance of *opinions* contrary to the dictators' means confiscation and death.

Necessarily our kind must be performed co-operatively. It is self-censorship. Byron Price's staff will filter from the news concerning military and naval activities anything helpful to the enemy. But newspapermen, radio reporters, magazine writers will certainly turn up quantities of information interesting to the average American and yet of tremendous strategic importance to the enemy. Consequently, although every American must be, in effect, a volunteer member of Price's staff, the greater responsibility is upon those whose profession it is to gather and publish news. "I read it in the Gazette," or "I heard it on the radio," makes any bit of news seem valid.

The nation's press has already won the President's commendation for rigid self-control in refraining from publishing the fact that Prime Minister Winston Churchill was en route to the United States. Most of the newspapermen in Washington knew it when Churchill was thirty-six hours distant from the White House. The correspondents for out-of-town publications bound themselves by solemn oath not even to let their editors know by telephone or telegraph, lest the information leak en route and disaster befall the British mission.

A number of us news gatherers in Washington became the unwilling recipients of information concerning tremendously important military and naval movements in the days following the assault on Pearl Harbor. Some learned, without trying, the inside dope on the West Coast blackouts. They're not telling, although the primary need for secrecy may appear to have passed.

But that's big stuff, the kind no loyal American is going to try to rush into type. All news "of aid and comfort to the enemy" is not quite so obvious. Some years ago a man who had been a spy for the Central Powers during 1917-18 told me he and his colleagues got important information about American troop and ship movements from the country weeklies and small-town dailies—got it by reading the social notes! They would search the personal columns of such Middle-Western papers for items like these:

"Sam Flubb is receiving congratulations from his host of friends in Gumbo County for the new chevrons on his sleeves. Sam, who left Gumbo High to enlist in the navy the day war was declared, is now machinist's mate, 2d Class, on the U. S. S. Florida, from which mighty battleship he is enjoying a ten days' leave."

Or: "Most of Bingville turned out yesterday to see the troop trains stalled a mile out of Hoskins' Corners, and impromptu reunions were celebrated with boys from these parts who were among the khaki-clad Yanks bound for France after two months' training at Camp Blix."

The first item told the spies that an American battleship for which their country's submarines were searching was in an Eastern port; the second, that a transport was loading for departure to the war zone on an easily guessed date.

That is the kind of military information which Byron Price and all his staff cannot control and would hesitate to attempt to control by other than voluntary means. The rule that Price wants *every* newspaper reporter, editor, and publisher to impose upon himself is: "Print *nothing* about any troop movements or ship movements; identify *nobody* in the armed services of the United States by ship or organization unless such identification is *officially* authorized."

I want to tell you something about Byron Price himself. Born in Topeka, Indiana, in 1891, he was a farm boy who early became convinced that a pen is a lot easier on the hands than a pitchfork, so he worked his way through high school and then through Wabash College, where he ran a newspaper route, tended furnaces, collected

CENSORSHIP?

BY WALTER KARIG

and delivered laundry, and turned to as a short-order cook in a lunchroom of nights. Later on he became campus correspondent for Indianapolis newspapers, and secretary to the college president. In his spare time he edited the college publication.

When Byron graduated, he figured on studying law, but first he went to work for the United Press in Chicago, at sixteen dollars a week. On December 12, 1912, he was hired by the Associated Press and assigned to the Atlanta bureau. It was on December 12, 1941, that President Roosevelt summoned him from the executive news editorship of the AP to become Chief Censor.

Meanwhile, he had worked his way up through the AP's Southern circuit to become night copy reader in the Washington bureau, which he quit on August 25, 1917, to enlist. He was sent to Officers' Training School and went overseas as an infantry lieutenant. He returned a captain in the Fifty-second Pioneer Infantry, having been through the whole of the Argonne offensive, and bearing citations for conspicuous gallantry in action.

Byron went quietly to work covering the Congress for AP. Later he moved to the White House beat. He headed the special staff which covered the Washington Arms Conference in 1921-22, and then found himself news editor of the AP's Washington bureau. In 1927 he was made bureau chief, and ten years later he went to New York as executive news editor of the whole world-girdling system. Now that he's back, he has holed himself up in a hard-to-find room in the Post Office Department Building while his wife, Priscilla Alden, is house hunting.

What they say about him in Washington is that Byron "was the best damn chairman of the Gridiron Club's entertainment committee ever." That is superlative praise, professionally. Any of us would rather be known as the Gridiron's best-ever entertainment chairman than have his boss call him the best reporter in Washington.

Back in the first World War days the "Information Committee" took over all government news sources. Its own staff of reporters covered the federal departments, its own rewrite desk garnished what was deemed printable, and the newspapers and periodicals of the nation were served with a fancy dish for presentation to their readers—a dish of the kind of "news" that makes the public wonder today why we can't build a destroyer a week the way we did in 1918—according to the propagandized news of that war year.

At a recent party in Washington, Byron gave an illustration of his very different methods to a group of his former colleagues. "We got a cable from Hawaii," he said, "which related the protests of an organization established to defend civil liberties against the proclamation of martial law. The members of the organization protested that martial law robbed the territory's civilians of all their personal liberties from free speech to habeas corpus. Was that censorable?"

The newspapermen were virtually unanimous in agreeing that the cable should have been suppressed. Said one, "Hawaii in time of war is a fort and a naval base, and anybody protesting martial law in a fort is a crackpot and a troublemaker."

"Sure," chimed in another. "It would have delighted the Japs and the Nazis no end to read about a spirit of revolt in Hawaii against martial law. Certainly you were right in censoring the dispatch."

"But I didn't," Price replied. "It's a hell of a note in democracy if civilians in one part of the country can't publish a protest, and the people in the rest of the country are forbidden to know that they did protest. We released the cable"—and here Byron chuckled—"but not a newspaper in the United States printed it!"

Radio censorship is going to be harder to exercise, especially short-wave stuff, but there again the responsible, patriotic broadcasters are leaning backward. The difficult job is to control utterances by members of Congress.

In the ten days between Pearl Harbor and Secretary of the Navy Knox's candid report to the public of military and naval inefficiency—and the damage it caused—I heard plenty of gruesome stories, purporting to be the inside dope from official sources, from senators and congressmen. So did every one of my colleagues covering Capitol Hill. It was before the rules of censorship were laid down. One member of Congress gave, with most graphic details, what was later proved to be a wholly imaginary account of the losses our fleet had suffered. If that story had been published, the whole Pacific coast would have been in panic. As it was, enough such rumor percolated through the country to make the bad-enough truth, when it was learned, sound like glad tidings.

George Creel, who in '17-'18 headed what was called the Committee on Public Information.

Altogether, the press and the radio of this country are working hard to co-operate with Byron Price; self-censorship is working splendidly. But who is to censor the prattling official? And who is to know what is true and what is elaborated rumor, when uttered by a person in responsible public office? Often the rumormonger himself doesn't know. False rumor does infinite harm to the American people. The secret truth, when retailed over cocktail glasses and teacups, makes the work of the enemy spy a cinch; and the person who repeats it would probably be shocked to realize that he (or, often as not, she) is in effect no better than a Quisling.

The danger is greatest in Washington, where so very many persons are in a position to obtain confidential information and so many, many more get hints. Byron Price can't apply the official gag to them, and if the President's prayerful appeal to abstain from rumormongering doesn't stop them, what will? I don't know. Price doesn't know. The amazing efficiency of the Jap fifth column in Hawaii is a demonstration of the disastrous results of indiscreet gossip, thanks to which—and not to spies wearing false whiskers—the Japanese had absolutely accurate maps of the military and naval positions on Oahu. They could even choose for their attack a moment when vigilance was at its lowest, the Americans farthest from their weapons for defense.

Here in Washington, here all over the United States, innocent-looking ears are on the alert for fragments of fact which can be pieced together into a chart of more value to the Axis than a thousand bombing planes. So, when our government proclaims the need of censorship, don't think of a need to gag the press and the radio. Where censorship is most needed is among the blabber-mouths, especially those on the government payroll. The only censor who can reach them is—*we, the people.* We can tell them to shut up, and they will.

Here's to Byron Price, who interrupted a great career to take on a dirty job of work! But in the long run every one of us has an identical job of work.

THE END

CAN WE WIN THE PEACE?

An eminent Briton casts a sardonic eye on the future

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

☆ SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, as Exchequer Minister of a coalition Government of Great Britain, has had to become, for the occasion, Sir Kingsley Facing-both-ways.

He was between the fell, incensed points of labor on the one hand and capital on the other.

Labor was clamoring for taxation of capital, and for an excess profits tax of 100 per cent.

Take the last first.

If a country is so far advanced in Communism as to be independent of profiteering private enterprise, and can afford to make its extinction part of the national policy, then all it has to do is to tax profits 100 per cent and the trick is done.

Private capitalism is set in motion by the incentive of profit-making; and when the profit, or the possibility and hope of profit, is extinguished, capitalistic private enterprise is extinguished also, and its work either done by the state or not done at all.

But capital commands an enormous majority in the House of Commons, and Sir Kingsley dared not even mention the possibility of a transfer of industry from private to public ownership and control.

Had he done so, the capitalist majority would have risen against him as against another Stalin.

It had enough of that in the last war, when we began by relying entirely on profiteering private enterprise for our munitions.

We actually kept the staff of Woolwich Arsenal standing idle, eating its head off, while private firms were charging us pounds for shells that cost them shillings and turning out a tenth of what we needed.

The slaughter in the trenches was appalling: our batteries had two shells a day instead of two hundred.

Our B. E. F. would have been exterminated if the Government had not built national factories and taken control of the private ones.

To get these national factories denationalized by selling them to the capitalists at scrap prices when the war was over cost two years of newspaper agitation against state ownership and management as corrupt, inefficient, and ruinous.

It would have taken longer and perhaps failed had the British public been gifted with even the shortest political memory.

Happy-go-luckily, it has such an easy disposition that its rulers and newspapers may tell it one thing on Tuesday and the flat contrary on Friday without its perceiving the least discrepancy.

And so, bang went the national factories after they had saved us from annihilation in Flanders by turning out far more shells at state-controlled prices than our batteries could fire.

This time, the private employers are in a far stronger position; for not only did the state control set up in the last war and the scare of the national factories force them to modernize their business, but they have been politically reinforced to the point of absolute irresistibility by our enactment of adult suffrage on the assumption that as our voters are omniscient they had better also be made omnipotent.

This optimistic extravagance has so greatly increased the political weight of suburban snobbery, male and female, and of the parasitic and Conservative half of the proletariat, that the Old School Ties are now hardly

reactionary enough for their constituents.

Even Liberalism goes for nothing; and Imperialism and anti-Socialist trade-unionism rule the roost.

Therefore Sir Kingsley's problem was how to induce the profiteers and their majority to consent to the socialistic and totalitarian measures that are indispensable if we are to carry on the war, much less win it, and yet assure them that the moment the war is over we shall go back to capitalism and drop all our nonsense about a new world.

As to taxing capital—that is, taxing capitalists as such—Sir Kingsley had to consider what they have got; for "where there is nothing the king loses his rights."

☆ AN industrialist capitalist is a person who, having some money to spare, spends it in wages for workmen, who, after handing over a quarter of them or more to their landlords, spend the rest in food, drink, lodging, and clothing, meanwhile building factories and making machinery and industrial plants of one sort or another for the capitalist.

When their work is done and they are thrown out, there remains of the capital they have eaten up only a little sludge at the bottom of the nearest sea, and the factories they have constructed and equipped.

Now the proposed tax on the sludge would not produce a farthing of revenue.

A tax on the profits of the factories would be a tax on income, not on capital; and it is to be presumed that the profits are already taxed up to the limit beyond which it would be no longer worth their owners' while to keep them going.

All the capitalists could do if taxed further would be to hand the factories over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer and wish him joy of them.

But they would not bring in a penny unless and until the Chancellor was prepared to work them as socialized industries, failing or pending which they would fall into ruin and throw their operators on the dole.

If we will neither provide employment for our workers nor encourage employment for private profit, we shall fall between two stools, leaving them vacant for Adolf and Musso.

As to the capital invested in the War Loan in 1914-18, there is not a rap of it left to be taxed. There is an income to be confiscated; but the income tax and surtax do that drastically at present, as I know to my cost. I am reputed a fabulously rich man. As a matter of fact, I maintain a straitened and precarious existence by earning and collecting money for the Government, which allows me to retain the merest trifle by way, I suppose, of commission.

How was Sir Kingsley to induce me to pay an additional tax and leave myself entirely destitute?

Fortunately for him, I am politically in a minority of one; so it is easy to take no notice of me.

Cabinet ministers, having no time to read or think, are as a class illiterate and thoughtless. Few of them are aware of my existence.

Still, I am not the only pebble on the beach financially. There are others whose existence and prosperity Sir Kingsley has to regard as sacred.

Our Chancellor is bothered by notions which afflict him because they are in the air somehow.

He has said explicitly that no profits must be made out of the war. This would be pure Stalinism if Sir Kingsley understood what he was saying.

It would be practicable only in a well developed Communist republic. In a plutocratic kingdom like ours everything should be done to make the war profitable to all capitalists.

The most mischievous mistake a Chancellor could make is to attack private enterprise before the Government is ready to take over its work and carry it on without a day's interruption.

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD

Unfortunately, this is just what Socialist parties are apt to do when they acquire the necessary power or influence.

The Bolshevik government did it in 1918, and would have destroyed themselves and Russia had Lenin been less frank about his mistakes and less prompt in remedying them by his New Economic Policy in 1920.

The said policy consisted simply in shoving the private traders and kulaks back into their shops and farms as unceremoniously as they had been shoved out of them, and ordering them to carry on as before until the Soviet could take over their jobs.

But it was a very near thing: Russia was half starved by it.

The same thing will happen to us if we tax profits 100 per cent before we have a Socialist government ready to take up the running.

The bankers and all the capitalist forces must have taken care to impress this on Sir Kingsley.

No doubt he reminded his advisers that what the labor people were asking for was not a 100-per-cent profits tax but only an excess profits tax.

Yes; but the war is demanding excess exertions: that is where the excess profits are to come from. If the excess profits are all confiscated, the excess exertion and production will stop, and we shall lose the war.

To give the profiteers the necessary incentive to the extra exertion, we must give them a substantial rebate on the excess instead of penalizing it.

If you are training for a race, it is not wise to starve the horse you are going to ride, especially if it is the wrong horse.

With every one pulling him in different directions like this, what was a Coalition-ridden Chancellor to do?

Sir Kingsley was equal to the occasion. Instead of singing, "A nice dilemma we have here which calls for all our wit; and at this stage it don't appear that we can settle it," he took a hint from a skilled economist—Mr. Maynard Keynes.

He maintained the 100-per-cent excess profits tax, but promised the profiteers that they shall have 20 per cent back when the war is over.

To the rest of us he promised that all the additional taxes he is obliged to impose on us shall be refunded to us in claims on the national debt.

Our compulsory taxpaying will be only compulsory saving.

He will not allow the shopkeepers to charge scarcity prices: he will take the extra money out of our pockets himself, and hand it over to the shopkeepers to make up for their losses on state-fixed popular prices.

While recognizing the hard biological fact that nature cannot combine the gift of good farming with the skill of a chartered accountant, he will ordain that farmers worth three hundred pounds a year shall keep accounts, if they can. This passes with our city population as a profound solution of the agricultural problem.

☆ IN short, Sir Kingsley will get away with it. He will get his new taxes and keep the old ones. Nothing is going to be changed.

When we win the war, we shall dance in the streets for a week.

Then we shall be demobilized and thrown back into the labor market to find employment if we can; if not, to go on the dole.

Sir John Reith's plan for rebuilding our bombed cities will be pigeonholed with Sir Christopher Wren's, and freedom regained for the profiteering builders.

The little businesses will be amalgamated with big ones; and no street will be allowed two milkmen.

The League of Nations will be restored and ignored as before. A treaty guaranteeing another war presently will be signed by the vanquished perforce, pending its breach at the first opportunity.

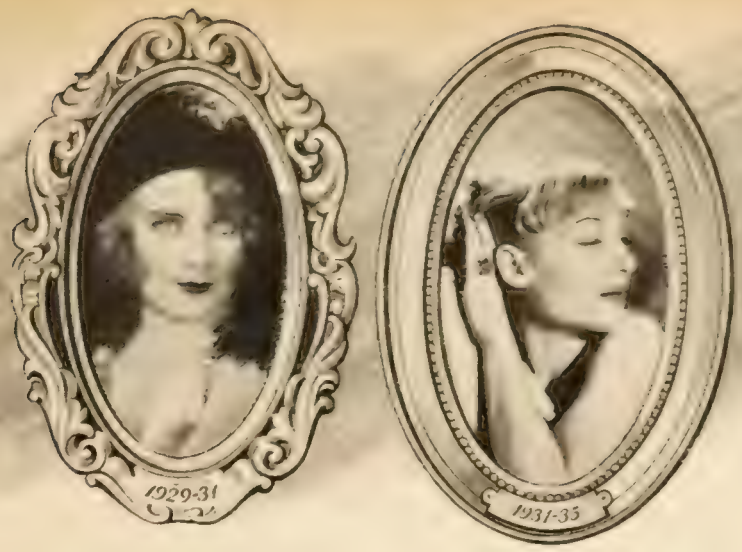
There will be a Hang Hitler election which will return plutocracy to power with an enormous majority, after which the Führer will not be hanged.

At least, that is the idea, the intention, the hope. But what about the unexpected and unintended things that war always achieves?

Well, we shall see

THE END

1935-42



A Gallant Lady...
CAROLE LOMBARD

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

☆ FOR a good many hours I have been sitting in front of my typewriter asking for that inspiration without which I shall hardly be able to set down here for you the inner life of a woman I knew named Carole Lombard, who was the wife of Clark Gable. That inner life, so strong and tender and aspiring, is worth preserving because it is the story of a struggle toward the light.

The thing that makes the task difficult, as the dark night outside wears on, is that I cannot convince myself that Carole Lombard has gone to her death upon a modern pyre lit atop a wind-swept mountain. For if she has, how can she be here in this quiet room where I write? The spirit of her is as impish, as determined, as honest as was the girl herself, the girl whose husband once described her to me as the gay and perfect companion.

Clark Gable was in love with her when he said that. At first he was not, but he grew to love her as few women have been loved. Yet other men who were not in love with her have said the same thing. I have a feeling that those boys in the plane with her felt the same way, that if there was a split second of eternity when they saw their fate, they found her a bright and undaunted companion with whom to fly on through that hole that opens in the sky for lost pilots.

The first American woman to fall in the fight upon her country's mountainside. Her heart high and warm because she had sold bonds to buy guns and planes and tanks for her country's soldiers. Flying home to save time in her busy, crowded life.

"I'm glad it came when he was so happy," she said, just after Russ Colombo died upon the threshold of their marriage. "If it had to come, I am glad it came when he was happy in his work and in his love."

So, if it had to come, it came to Carole the way she would have wanted it. When at last she had found happiness in her love and in her work. For she had to conquer many things before she found that strength and truth for which she always struggled, often mistakenly but always honestly.

Carole and Clark Gable at their San Fernando Valley ranch shortly after their marriage.

Carole, aged nineteen, with Monte Blue in a scene from her first picture.

With William Boyd in the dramatic High Voltage. Owen Moore also played in this.

In Ned McCobb's Daughter, a picture version of Sidney Howard's Broadway play.

"Get you, Gertie," she seems to say to me tonight, "doing an elegy—is that the right word? — about *me*. Why me?"

One eyebrow crooked up in the way she had, her face screwed tight with the intensity of her thought, she clamors for recognition for those boys who went down with her. "I'm not as important as they were, putz. Clark grieves for me—he will always miss me, as I shall miss him. But he is a very strong man. A real man. He will know that none of you can stop now to weep too much for those of us who have gone down in the battle. Do not make us out of proportion. Make us all one. All over the world, men and women are dying for their faith. There's only one word for any of us now—carry on."

So we talk together of her because she was one of the few people I knew who quietly and secretly within herself worked toward a high and spiritual end, who was almost brutal in the lengths of honesty and naturalness she insisted upon for herself.

Her story is a simple one and must be simply told. For the truth is that she was a very simple woman for all her success and her love affairs and her final great love and marriage. They were extraneous. Her true life was within.

"If," says a very real Carole, recreated for me tonight by many things, by memories, by inner impressions I hardly knew had been made over the years, "if you go soft on me and get sentimental, I will howl under your window. Tell only the truth. Tell them why I laughed—that's the point."

Why not? She can stand the strong light of truth even as the beauty of her face and body could stand the strong lights and the cruel eye of the camera. She was a lusty, faulty, rowdy, two-fisted, terrific dame, who knew all there was to know about life and love and temptation, and that is why it is important to understand her laughter. The secret of her inner life.

There were three man-woman loves in her life. All important—all different. Bill Powell, her first husband and her best friend. Russ Colombo, the sweet singer of songs, who was romance and poetry and — something else few suspected—he was almost like her child; he woke all that was mother in her; she couldn't bear to see him unhappy. And Clark Gable.

But there were so many others—you can measure the size of her heart by the people who were ensconced there safely and forever.

There was her mother. "That Bessie," she would say, "is she terrific! Do you adore her? Let's call her up." She was always calling Bessie up at odd hours, from strange places, for screwy reasons, with a new story or a bit of gossip or a sudden plan. "Let's give Bessie a laugh," she would say, sitting cross-legged on the big couch in her dressing room. "Hello, toots, how are you doing? I've got a baby elephant in my dressing room. Sure. Movie actress has strange new pet. We had elephants in a scene in the picture, but they had to take them out because when you looked at them from the rear you couldn't tell which was Crosby. Say hello to Bessie, Bing." (That was of course before the immortal Bing became sylphlike.)

Then Bing and Carole would go into a rehearsal of their radio skit, writing in some dialogue that certainly would never be spoken on the air, but infinitely amusing to themselves. Slightly Rabelaisian, it was.

In those days, let us face it, Carole had the vocabulary of a mule skinner or a marine top sergeant. Her denunciations were sulphuric and inventive. Born a lady and educated well, she sometimes talked like a gun moll.

But Clark Gable quickly broke her of the habit. "I," said Mr. Gable, "will do the swearing in this family."

You see, she wanted Clark to be boss. Wanted it terribly. She wanted it to be worth while to spend everything she had, everything she had learned, everything that made her a great box-office figure, in being Clark Gable's wife. Everything in her yearned for that, because she was a woman who had grown capable of a great love and a real passion.

In her heart there was that unusually close love for her mother—there was hardly a day that they didn't see each other. Some one said to me this morning that it seemed so awful that her mother should have been killed, too. I can't feel that, knowing them. It would have been so awful for the one who was left.

And then her older brothers, who slapped her down when she was a fresh kid—and all the people she worked for and with—whoever and whatever they were.

I do not think Jack Benny stayed off the air, the Sunday night after Carole met her swift and unexpected death, as a gesture. They had just finished a picture together, and how they had loved it! I think Jack Benny just didn't feel he could be funny, with that empty feeling of irreparable loss stealing over him like a gray fog. But I think nevertheless that Carole would have given him blue blazes. "You dope!" she would have said. "What goes with you? So my number was up. So I flipped a coin and it came up tails. So you're going to cheat fifteen million people out of a lot of laughs they've maybe been looking forward to all week. No, no, auntie. Remember about the show must go on?"

She never pulled any punches. And the philosophy of her life was laughter. You see, that was her secret, the thing she seldom talked about. She believed that laughter bubbled up from the heart that was filled with faith. She had known black despair and heartbreak. She believed that you had to win through them and believe that good would triumph, that right made might, and thus that laughter was an outward sign of an inward grace.

It was when she was so badly hurt —when she was just a kid, really— that she had to fight out and work out for herself some answers, some inner thing by which she could go on.

It began on the day when Carole, a spoiled and adored only daughter in a well-to-do American home, and a very pretty one at that, with beaux and good times and nice things and everybody making a fuss over her—went for a drive with a young man who stopped his very expensive and smart roadster too suddenly and threw her through the windshield.

It was a bright sunny day, and the street was a tree-lined boulevard and there were gardens with many colored flowers and the birds were singing—but it was a red road for the girl who had just begun to realize that she wanted to act.

There have been false and distorted stories of that accident, tales of plastic surgery that made Carole's lovely face a miracle of a doctor's art.

It wasn't as simple as that. It wasn't as easily dramatic as that. The injury to Carole's face in the end turned out to be fairly minor—a long cut from her mouth almost up to her eye, in which a young surgeon at the Hollywood Emergency Hospital took fourteen quick stitches without any anesthetic, because he didn't want those facial muscles to relax. That was Carole's introduction to pain.

At first there was an angry red scar. It wasn't a very bad scar, as scars go. But for a girl who had always been very pretty, particularly for a girl who wanted to be an actress, it was very serious.

Her career, she believed, was over. Probably no man would ever love her, so she would never be a wife and mother. She developed an inferiority complex, she was supersensitive, she was almost morbid.

"I snapped out of it," was all she ever said.

It was the beginning right there of her philosophy, her inner life. For she began to laugh at herself—and she went on laughing at herself as long as she lived—and afterward, I'm sure.

But she had great tenderness, too, great responsiveness as well as laughter. Everything and every one she touched changed Carole. There was her feeling for Russ Colombo, for instance.

Russ was a very unusual man—a boy he always seemed to me. Slim, dark, with one of the loveliest voices I have ever heard in my life. Carole had been married to Bill Powell and divorced from him when she met Colombo. In my time I have seen men in love with women, but I have never seen a man as much in love as Russ was with Carole Lombard. There was poetry in it, and music, and sheer romance.

Oh, they were young and quite wonderful together, those two. Though it was always plain that he loved her much more than she did him. In her was that tenderness of a decent woman for a man who adores her, whose happiness is entirely in her hands. Carole knew that was how it was with Russ Colombo, and so did everybody else in Hollywood.

Her premonition of his death was a strong one. If there was ever any one who was—I don't know exactly how to say it—but in tune with whatever forces mold and shape our ends, it was Carole Lombard. I think she always knew that she would never live to be old. In all the time I knew her, I never heard her make any plans for her own future. She did not expect to follow the long trail. I am sure she knew it. Some people do. Perhaps that is why she tried to cram so much into her life. Perhaps that is why she never wanted to sleep, why she read like a glutton every good book she could get her hands on, why she seemed to savor life—and particularly her life after she met Clark Gable—as few people ever did.

That she knew of some dark shadow that hung over young Colombo, just beginning what promised to be a career as brilliant as any we have ever seen on the screen and in radio, there can be no doubt. Her great friend Fieldsy—you must know Fieldsy to know Carole, and we will come to her soon—knew it. Her mother knew it. Perhaps it was the reason she was so tender with him, gave in to his wish never to be separated from her. It must have been that, for she was never in love with him—she was never really in love until she met Clark, though she thought sometimes that she was.

When he was killed by a strange accident—a bullet fired from an old dueling pistol which was supposed to be empty ricocheted from the wall and found its mark in a fatal spot—she was heartbroken. But she kept right on being Carole Lombard.

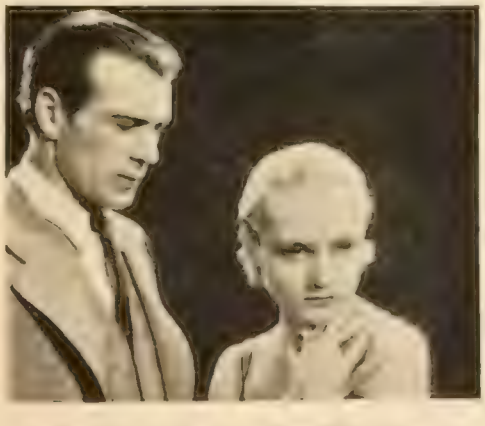
She played a great drama and kept Russ's mother—who was ill with a heart trouble in the hospital—from knowing that her beloved son was dead. It was her idea—and she even went so far as to arrange for telegrams to be sent from Europe where Russ was supposed to be traveling; she even herself wrote letters and had them mailed from distant ports, so that his mother thought she and Russ were on a honeymoon. *Beau geste*, surely.

It was Fieldsy who told some one eventually of another thing Carole did after Russ's death. The boy who had fired the gun by mistake was afraid to see Carole. When she found it out, she sent for him. "Don't be silly," she said. "I know you loved Russ. I don't blame you. It was an accident. Russ would want us to go on being friends, you and I, and of course we will."

She had room in her heart even for him. But I don't suppose any one has had a bigger place there than Fieldsy. She is a tall girl, with just a suggestion of Kate Smith about her, something of the abundant, rich joy in living, something of the strong steadfastness that Kate conveys to you.

In their Mack Sennett days, Fieldsy was a comic. Carole, back after the long lonely year of her accident, having decided that what she needed was laughs and some good rough, tough going, was one of the last group of

When she was Mrs. William Powell, she acted with her husband in Ladies' Man.



With Gary Cooper in I Take This Woman, a popular success of the early 1930s.

Carole as "Nep" Newbold and Paul Lukas as Dr. Karl Bemis in No One Man (1932).

Carole Lombard through half a dozen years. The first picture, upper left, was taken before 1928. The last, lower right, in 1933.

Sennett bathing beauties—when Sennett was trying for a comeback, and she became simply fascinated with Madeline Fields. She followed her around all day on the set, and that was the beginning of one of Hollywood's greatest friendships.

"I'm going to slit her throat some dark night," Carole would say. "I can't call my soul my own—I have no say about my own business. Lincoln freed the slaves, but he didn't know about me in time. That woman is a menace."

But her gift for getting the best from people and abiding by it, led her quietly down the path Fieldsy, as her secretary-manager-major-domo-and-everything-else, marked out. In consequence of Fieldsy, she lived in small attractive houses which suited her, and conducted the business end of her career with a measure of sanity that belied her reputation as the screwball girl of Hollywood.

But when Fieldsy married Walter Lang, one of our fine young directors, and had a baby, it was the proudest moment of Carole's life. She followed the course of events with excitement and curiosity and adored the baby.

I asked Carole once if she was ever afraid of anything.

"Sure," she said, "lots of things. Most of all I'm scared of getting things too easily. Houses built on sand—no foundations. I like getting them the hard way. I might as well—that's the way I always get them."

I keep saying to myself, Why Carole? There are, frankly, stars in Hollywood who wouldn't be missed except maybe in the theaters. Why Carole?

The answer is plain. Carole said it once herself about somebody else.

"The good guys get it," she said, "because they are always in there pitching. They are always in the front line when there is a good fight going on."

If those boys who went to death in that plane had stayed home, they wouldn't have been ferry pilots who had already delivered planes to the fighting men—planes that spell victory. If Carole had stayed home making motion pictures and living selfishly and contentedly and securely in her love and happy marriage, she wouldn't have sold more than two million dollars' worth of defense bonds to buy more guns and more planes and more tanks to defeat Hitler and the Japs. But then she wouldn't have been Carole.

Do you think for one minute that men like Bing Crosby and Bill Powell and Jack Barrymore and Jack Benny and Greg La Cava and Wes Ruggles and Clark Gable idolized her because she was a mere gagster, a special garden variety of screwball? Those guys are gagsters themselves. Do you think that every grip and carpenter and electrician in Hollywood adored her because she was lovely to look at? Every set is packed with lovelies—some of them younger and lovelier than Carole Lombard.

There was a special quality there—and Bill Powell contributed to it. Jack Barrymore contributed to it—and the blow-by-blow account of that championship combat is still talked about—when he first discovered in her a great comedy talent which was to bring her her real place in the sun.

But it is—it was—all distilled in Carole Lombard. She put it all together, with her eyes always upon one goal and one only.

The last time I saw Carole was at the Gable ranch in the San Fernando Valley. Clark had gone to look at a horse. Carole and I sat on an overturned box in the back yard.

Suddenly, quite unexpectedly, she said, "Look. Do you believe in God? I don't mean an old guy with long spinach on his chin. I mean something for every day—wherever you are."

I keep thinking of Clark Gable waiting at the foot of that mountain for news from the snow-packed trail above, Spencer Tracy's arm flung over his shoulder. And then I think of that last talk with Carole—one of the strangest talks I ever had with any woman.

In the light of that final blackout, I am wondering how much Carole knew of what was coming.

Did Carole really have a premonition of her death? What did she say in her last conversation that was strange and amazing? Next week brings the conclusion of this vivid story of a colorful personality.

HE WHO WALKS IN SORROW

Liberty's Short Short Condensation of a Masterpiece

BY HONORÉ de BALZAC

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ THIS happened in the little town of Menda, which lies above the silver sea of Castile and is owned by the Marquis de Legañès.

In the château de Mendes lived the descendants of the first marquis, grandees of old Spain.

General G-t-r, commander of the French conquering force, sat at his dinner. To him came the young officer, Victor Marchand, commander of the French force that had been treacherously massacred in the village of Menda. His face was pale.

"You've once more occupied the town?"

"Yes, my general. The inhabitants have been notified of the indemnity, and every occupant of the château is a prisoner. It is of them I wish to speak to you. They ask for mercy."

"Ah, yes, of course. Mercy. Tonight there are five hundred families in France who mourn a new death . . . five hundred of our best and finest murdered by a supposedly friendly population at the order of a supposedly friendly marquis. Mercy! A peculiar word to hear from such lips."

"The mercy the marquis asks is at best a cold one," pleaded Victor. "He has seen the gibbets set up and hopes you will change that mode of execution. He asks you to behead his family, as befits nobility."

The general nodded. "So be it."

"And the marquis offers you his whole fortune, if you will pardon one of his sons. He wishes to continue the lineage."

The general rose. "He shall buy the continuance of his line, but at such a price that Spain will forever connect it with the memory of his treachery and his punishment. I will give life and his fortune to whichever of his sons will perform the office of executioner on the rest."

☆ THE father and the mother, the three sons and two daughters sat rigidly in their gilded chairs after the eight servants, at Victor's orders, had been taken out and hanged. Victor himself had unfastened the cords that held Clara to her chair. Even in this sad moment he could not help touching her arms softly, the arms he loved. He had told them of the decision of the general, but as he looked at the three sons he had no hope that any one of them would consent.

The girl shuddered, and then recovered her calmness with an effort. She knelt at her father's feet.

"Make Juanito swear to obey your orders faithfully," she said.

"Juanito!" the father said quietly.

His oldest son answered only with a motion of the head that signified refusal, looking at his parents with dry and terrible eyes. Clara came to him.

"Dear Juanito!" she said. "If you knew how sweet death would seem to me, if given by you!"

The others crowded around him, adding their entreaties. Suddenly they parted, and his father, the old marquis, stood erect before him.

"Juanito, I command you to obey."

The young count sat rigid.

"My son, do you consider only *your* life and suffering?"

A flicker of Juanito's eyelids showed that he was unable to hold out further. Victor, unnerved, left the room.

☆ AT the appointed time a hundred of the leading citizens of Menda assembled on the terrace, according to the orders of the general, to witness the execution of the Legañès family. In the center of the terrace was a block, and on it a scimitar. An executioner was present in case Juanito's courage failed him.

All eyes turned to the château to see the noble family advancing in the midst of their guard. Their faces were quiet, their eyes serene.

All but one. He was pale, his muscles like water. He—the only one who was to live—leaned upon the priest.

The priest picked up the scimitar and handed it to him. A shiver went through Juanito's body, but his hands closed around the handle.

Clara came forward first. "Juanito," she said. "Have pity on my weakness; begin with me."

A man dashed up the terrace, out of breath and pale. It was Victor Marchand. "Stop!" he shouted to Juanito. The blade halted in the air. Victor bent down and talked into Clara's ear as her head lay on the block.

"The general grants your life if you will marry me," he said to her softly.

She looked at him with contempt. "Strike, Juanito!" she said in a clear voice. Her head rolled at the feet of the Frenchman who loved her.

The little eight-year-old Manuelo inquired of his brother, "Am I placed right this way, my good Juanito?" The sun gleamed on the broad sword.

"Do not weep, Mariquita," said Juanito to his other sister.

"I cannot help it, when I think how lonely you will be without us, my poor Juanito."

Soon the calm, erect figure of the marquis came forward. He turned to the spectators and said in a strong voice, stretching his hands toward Juanito: "Spaniards! I give my son my fatherly blessing. Now, *marquis*, strike! You are without blame."

But when Juanito saw his mother approach, a cry was torn from his soul: "She is my mother! She bore me!"

The marquise understood that Juanito's courage had run its course. She ran to the parapet and sprang over it in one bound, dashed to death on the rocks far below. Juanito fell senseless.

A murmur of admiration went up from all those present.

And this is the story of Juanito, Marquis de Legañès, who walks in shadowed sorrow, saying little, and waiting the birth of a second son, which will give him the right to rejoin those who have gone before.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

SCIENCE LOOKS AT THE HEALINGS OF LOURDES

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Blind eyes have seen, hearts have found hope. How? Does it all need to be explained?

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

☆ JOHN TRAYNOR, an English war hero, went with a group of pilgrims from London to the Shrine at Lourdes, in southern France, where in 1858 a simple peasant girl claimed that the Holy Virgin had appeared to her eighteen times. The appearance had been in a little cave beside a rushing mountain stream. In the years that followed millions of men and women and children had made their way to Lourdes from all the far places of the earth. They were seeking a miraculous cure of sick souls or sick bodies. And several hundred supernatural healings had been duly authenticated by reputable physicians.

Traynor went seeking such a miracle. He had a severe head wound, paralysis of the legs, gangrenous sores, and epilepsy. The doctors in London had pronounced him incurable.

He was taken on a stretcher to the baths and immersed for several minutes in the icy cold water drawn from the sacred spring. Several hours later, after he had been carried in the procession of the Blessed Sacrament to the *place* before the church, he looked up from his thin pillow with a sudden bewildered smile. He got to his feet and walked toward his friends. He had been, to the half score of doctors who examined him within the hour, completely and miraculously and instantaneously cured. The head wound had disappeared. The sores were gone. He was in high spirits and very hungry. He returned to England, where he now loads and drives a coal truck.

That is a fair example of the happenings which occur at Lourdes at the rate of about fifteen a year.

Was the thing that happened to John Traynor a miracle? That question, for years now, has engaged the earnest attention of men who are neither faithful nor skeptical, but scientific searchers after the truth. In the nature of things, the majority of these men have been doctors.

Dr. Auguste Vallet, the chief of the Medical Bureau at Lourdes, says:

"The cures of Lourdes are in some sense a suspension of the laws of nature. They argue the intervention of a principle or agency which has control at will over those laws. That agent can only be the author of nature, upon whose absolute will the laws depend for their existence and function. The author of the laws of nature is God. Logic, therefore, forces us to admit that the cures are brought about by the intervention of God; for it is impossible otherwise to explain how nature's laws can be rendered inoperative in so many instances."

From the voluminous records which are kept by the honorable and learned men of the international Medical Bureau at Lourdes, one simple fact stands clear and irrefutable: Hundreds of people like John Traynor have been almost instantaneously cured of savage diseases and drawn back from death's shadow. Blind eyes have seen. Lepers have been washed clean. Cancerous sores have been replaced by healthy tissue almost in the winking of an eye. It would take a brash man indeed to deny that such things have actually happened; the weight of evidence is too compelling.

One attitude of learned science toward these miracles finds clear expression in the words of Dr. Alexis Carrel, the distinguished Catholic physician, in his book Man, the Unknown:

"Certain spiritual activities may cause anatomical as well as functional modifications of the tissues and the organs. These organic phenomena are observed in various circumstances, among them being the state of prayer. Prayer should be understood, not as a mere mechanical recitation of formulas, but as a mystical elevation, an absorption of consciousness in the contemplation of a principle both permeating and transcending our world. . . . It is incomprehensible to philosophers and scientists, and inaccessible to them. But the simple seem to feel God as easily as the heat of the sun or the kindness of a friend. The prayer which is followed by organic effects is of a special nature. First, it is entirely disinterested. Man offers himself to God. . . . He asks for His grace, exposes his needs and those of his brothers in suffering. Generally, the patient who is cured is not praying for himself, but for another. . . . When it possesses such characteristics, prayer may set in motion a strange phenomenon, the miracle. . . .

"The most important cases of miraculous healing have been recorded by the Medical Bureau of Lourdes. . . . The only condition indispensable to the occurrence of the phenomenon is prayer. But there is no need for the patient himself to pray, or even

Statue of Sainte Bernadette at Lourdes.

COURTESY OF THE CATHOLIC TRAVEL LEAGUE, INC.

to have any religious faith. It is sufficient that some one around him be in a state of prayer. Such facts are of profound significance. They show the reality of certain relations, of still unknown nature, between psychological and organic processes."

The point of view of the Catholic clergy has been summed up with total simplicity by Father John LaFarge, associate editor of the Catholic weekly America. Apropos of Lourdes, he said: "For those who believe in God no explanation is necessary. For those who do not believe in God no explanation is possible."

But men who are not possessed of such faith, and still have their minds engaged by the inescapable facts of Lourdes, have sought further for explanation, for understanding.

A distinguished physician and psychiatrist of New York, Dr. Smiley Blanton, undertook an investigation. Dr. Blanton is not a Catholic.

In 1939, at a joint meeting of the American Psychoanalytic and American Psychiatric Associations, in Chicago, he read a report which he called An Analytical Study of a Cure at Lourdes. It was lengthy and complete, and it began with a close examination of a typical case which he had observed and upon which he had conducted exhaustive research.

The case was that of a young Irishman named McDonald, who in his twentieth year had developed tuberculosis of the lungs. For the next eleven years his condition grew steadily worse. Numerous Dublin physicians attended him. The disease spread to his spine and his left shoulder joint, causing severe abscesses on his back. He also developed acute Bright's disease.

The doctors told his wife that there was nothing more to do for him. She sent him on an organized pilgrimage to Lourdes. At the moment of his departure he had been in bed for fifteen months, much of the time in a plaster cast, with his pus-running wounds being drained twice each day.

McDonald arrived in Lourdes on September 5, 1936. A physician and nurse dressed his wounds. On the 6th and 7th he was taken on a stretcher to the baths and immersed for several minutes. On the 8th, while alone in his room, he got up, dressed without assistance, and walked as far as the foot of the bed.

On the 9th he shaved himself and walked about thirty yards from his wheel chair to the baths, into which he went again. The next day, feeling quite strong, he left for Dublin by way of Paris. His case was not recorded at the Medical Bureau as a recovery, since the five abscesses on his back were still draining pus. It was on the train, sometime before it arrived in Paris, that the wounds healed.

One year later, in 1937, Dublin physicians who had examined and treated McDonald during his illness certified that his case had been desperate before his departure for Lourdes—but that now, upon re-examination, he was "completely cured."

After outlining this case, Dr. Blanton proceeds with his own explanation of the miracle:

"What is the explanation of this healing? For that it is a healing I am myself convinced."

He rejects the possibility that the water at Lourdes has some special medicinal property by citing the numerous chemical analyses that have been made.

Then he moves on, as might certainly be expected in a trained psychiatrist of long experience, to search for an explanation that is compatible with the accepted theories of human psychology.

Paraphrased for the purposes of simplicity in laying the case before laymen, his theory is this:

The great majority of the people who are cured at Lourdes are *in extremis*—faced with the imminent prospect of death. They have usually been under the care of many doctors, who in turn have passed them on or given them up for lost.

It is the well known theory of Freud that the unconscious goal of the human being is death: the instinctive drive of the living organism to complete its cycle. But the surrender to death is extremely difficult, because it is in the nature of man to resist it, and fight to survive.

Certain of the sick people who go to Lourdes have reached the limit of their capacity to adjust themselves to their illness. These people cannot longer accept life on its present terms, and yet they cannot quite accept death. They are still resisting the ultimate surrender.

Dr. Blanton then points out that mother love is older than Christianity itself, and that primitive mother worship has held tenaciously to its old forms in southern France. Then he reminds us that it is the Virgin Mother Mary who is asked to intercede. The weakened pilgrim, torn between the will to live and the will to surrender, is called upon at the last to give his whole being into the hands of the universal Mother. And Dr. Blanton sums up:

"It is my feeling, then, that in this case and in similar cases at Lourdes, there is a quickening of the healing process (due to the emotion aroused by the transference to an all-powerful, all-loving Virgin Mother) to an extent which has not yet been realized or accepted by the medical profession.

"I think we are justified by what we saw at Lourdes in stating our tentative belief that processes leading in the direction of death were not only halted but reversed, and the libido liberated in this way was put to the use of the individual in the restoration of health. I believe that something does occur which is, as Dr. Vallet has remarked, on the margin of the laws of nature.

"I do not believe, however, that it is supernatural in the commonly accepted sense of the word, but that it follows some law of function not yet fully described."

(Note: "Libido" is defined as the *energy* residing in all human instincts —particularly the energy residing in a *wish*.)

The evidence is clearly at hand that something of a very remarkable nature occurs at the little town of Lourdes a dozen or more times in each year. In the end, of course, each individual must choose his own interpretation, according to his lights. It is not mysticism, certainly, to say that evil and bitterness and hatred brew very real poisons in the body and soul of the man who is afflicted by such emotions. Nor is it mysticism to suggest that love, most particularly spiritual love, may brew curative elixirs of its own.

It does not matter greatly how the miracles are explained, nor whether they are explained at all. It only matters that men may find sustenance in something more than bread alone: in something that touches the troubled heart with hope and courage, and, once more, with human dignity and pride.

THE END

RUSSIAN MORALE BUILDERS

Students put up Russian war posters for all to see. Below: On a postcard by V. Govorkov the top drawing is marked "Ukraine." Then comes the line, "Hitler is hungry," and below, "Let us feed him."

One of the window display cards issued by Tass in Moscow on which writers and artists comment on current events in verse, epigrams, cartoons, and drawings.

In a cartoon Dolgorukov recalls Napoleon's historic invasion of Russia and compares it with Hitler's. The caption reads: "So it was . . . So it will be!"

. . AND DESTROYERS

To Her Own People HOPE—
To the German People DESPAIR

The world had almost lost its capacity for surprise last year. Yet suddenly it sat up again, its eyes wide with astonishment. Russia, taken unaware by the greatest fighting machine in history, upset the German timetable. One more surprise came in December. With an invasion that had captured the doorway to Russian oil and wheat, had taken one of the three great cities and stood at the threshold of the others, the tide turned.

This job was done with arms, with weather—and with the people's spirit. Posters like these were as important as airplanes. And in the new phase—in the attack on German troop morale, the breaking through the wall of Goebbel-prepared lies—this newspaper is playing its part in the defeat of the German armies.

In pictures and text, the news sheet above, designed for weary and hungry Nazi troops in Russia, hammers its point that German soldiers in Russian prison camps live better and are better fed than are their families in Germany.

Top: This tells Hitler's troops that 1,500,000 Germans were lost in the first month of war against Russia. Below: Reminded of their dead comrades, of mourning mothers, wives, orphans, Germans are urged to think of their own families and to surrender before it is too late.

THIS MAN'S ARMY

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

☆ ON your page in January 10 Liberty you printed a letter from a civilian concerned with a method to salute the troops. Let me tell you, Sarge, there is no need for gesticulations or slogans or shouting, just as long as we know the people of this country are behind us.

We spend fourteen hours on the guns and seven hours in the barracks. We get no liberty at all. We have no idea what day it is, because every day is the same.

But we don't mind it one bit. We realize that we are at war.

So do me a favor, Sarge, and advise these burning patriots to give a soldier a warm smile and a friendly "Hiya, soldier," and the soldier will feel plenty good. And you can also tell them that the best way they can help win this war is through Defense Bonds and to "Keep on Buying."

Corp. J. F. C., Vallejo, Calif.

That's telling them, Corporal. If all civilians do their part in national defense as well as you're doing yours, we'll have less to worry about.

This outfit is motorized, and whenever we go on a problem or a trip we take a terrific jouncing and bouncing while riding over rough terrain. I was just wondering why the Army doesn't provide wide motorcycle-type riding belts which have proved their value in various fields of industry and sport. This Army is supposed to be tough, and, boy, we are tough. But wouldn't such belts help to prevent a lot of kidney trouble later in life?

Pfc. W. V. F., Fort Bragg, N. C.

Having ridden a motorcycle some in my time, I can attest to the help given by a wide leather belt around one's vitals. And medicos tell me that's right, too.

I've been in the U. S. Marine Corps just two weeks and I've gained thirteen pounds. . . . I'll say "the Marines make men." You've heard the new M. C. slogan, "Remember Wake Island"? Our reply is, "You don't have to tell it to the Marines."

Pvt. J. D., Parris Island, N. C.

Those thirteen pounds must be all red meat, bulldog. Yes, I've heard you don't have to tell it to the Marines . . . a hint is enough.

Why does the Army try to change grown men who are naturally left-handed over to right-handed, when it's all wrong to do so from both a practical and psychological point of view?

A. S., Elkhorn, Wis.

Oh, but it's not all wrong to do so, from a practical point of view. (I wouldn't know about the psychological.) The whole point of Army drill and the manual of arms is to get every individual in a unit to function like every other individual. I shudder to think of a southpaw in combat with a loaded rifle and elbow to elbow with right-handers. He'd be more dangerous than the enemy. You may have heard of the proverbial "left-handed monkey wrench," but how about a left-handed rifle?

We of the —— —— Infantry, Manila, P. I., think we can boast of being the only regiment in the United States Army composed exclusively of regulars. This regiment is also unique in that it has never been stationed in the United States.

Corp. A. R., Pvt. 1st cl. S. G. E., Pvts. D. S. and L. E. S.

That letter was mailed in Manila just before war was declared. I wonder if any of the men who wrote the item will ever see it in print. It typifies the esprit de corps of the lads who are putting up such a swell scrap against overwhelming odds.

I've noticed that soldiers have braid of various colors on their overseas caps. Are the colors significant—I mean, do they indicate the divisions to which the men belong, or something like that?

F. W. B., New York City.

The color of the piping on the cap shows the arm or service of the wearer, and here's how you can identify them: Air Corps, ultramarine blue with golden orange; Cavalry, yellow; Chemical Warfare, cobalt blue with golden yellow; Coast Artillery, scarlet; Corps of Engineers, scarlet with white; Field Artillery, scarlet; Finance Department, silver gray with golden yellow; Infantry, light blue; Medical Department, maroon with white; Military Police, yellow with green; Ordnance Department, crimson with yellow; Quartermaster Corps, buff; and Signal Corps, orange with white.

Did you hear about the Japanese-American soldier out here who, on the day war was declared, announced to his company, "From here in, my name's O'Brien"?

Y. R., Fort Lewis, Wash.

BY BURR SHAEFER

"If these Garands are so all-fired automatic, why don't they clean themselves?"

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 122 East 42 St., New York.

FRED ALLEN

NEVER WITHOUT A GAG

BY IRVING WALLACE

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

Yes, this Hindu mike charmer *is* Fred Allen!

☆ WHENEVER he opens his mouth, Fred Allen breathes brightcracks. The cream of them add up to his weekly radio hour, which grosses his troupe $10,000 and nets him personally $4,000 a week.

Barbs dipped in satire and timely nonsense—a rare blend of humor, that! Its exponents in modern times have been few. James McNeill Whistler. Mark Twain. Wilson Mizner. Will Rogers. Today the species is extinct—except for Fred Allen.

Mr. Allen is not the matinee-idol type. His face is somewhat a cross between the elder Jukes' and Charlie Chan's. His teeth are chipped—the result of a juggling act back in the Dark Ages of Vaudeville when he held a fork in his mouth and caught turnips thrown from the audience. Of his voice, O. O. McIntyre once said, "Allen sounds like a man with false teeth chewing on slate pencils." This voice, variously described as a "vinegar drawl" and a "parched, unhappy singsong," actually sounds like the dry crackle of brown wrapping paper.

It is told that almost a decade ago a sponsor of household commodities, desiring to hire a comedian for radio advertising, listened an entire afternoon to recordings of applicants. Finally, when it was over, the weary sponsor rose and sighed, "I've decided on the one I want. Get me the guy with the flat voice. He's the best."

Thus, on October 23, 1932, Fred Allen first assaulted the eardrums of radio listeners—and he kept up his barrage of wit until today between fifteen and twenty million people listen to his brilliant dronings.

More than most comedians, Fred Allen has retained a fearless honesty and integrity. When he dislikes something, he tells the world. His pet aversion currently is the Pompous Executive. "I hate vice-presidents," he told me. "Those maestros of confusion!"

However, his aversion of longest standing is radio censorship. He has an almost monthly joust with the Demon Taboo. Once he prepared a joke about a dog in a hotel room that barked whenever the man next door came home, because the man was a Pole. This was blue-penciled lest it insult the Polish people. So, with great patience, Allen changed "Pole" to "Mr. Post"—and got his laugh anyway.

Because Allen doesn't pull his punch lines, his gags often miss the funny bone and fall on the corn. There was the time he spun a story about "the poor fellow who wanted to be a pharmacist but who flunked in chow mein." The drugstore heads raged at that one. Another time he sighed, "Ah, those Philadelphia hotels! Why, I know one where the rooms are so small the mice are humpbacked!" The Philadelphia Hotelkeepers Association almost lynched him.

Perhaps the biggest fuss resulted from a program over a year ago when, for his weekly Guest Star or the Person You Didn't Expect to Meet, he interviewed Mr. Lawrence Duffy, aged doorman of the Hotel Astor. "Now, in the good old days," sighed Doorman Duffy, "I once got a tip of a hundred dollars!"

"Yes," agreed Fred Allen; "back in '28, some of those Wall Street men used to think nothing of buying the restaurant and throwing it to the waiter as a tip. I guess some of those boys still chuckle about their financial pranks as they're sitting around up in Sing Sing today."

This brought all of Wall Street (that wasn't in Sing Sing) down the comedian's throat. There was much gruff talk of suing. Every one was out of temper except Allen, who sat down to his 1921 portable typewriter (which doesn't type capital letters because the shift key has been broken for years) and pecked out this note:

to the president of the new york stock exchange.

gentlemen,

no malice was intended and i am sorry to have incurred the disfavor of the gentlemen. i have considered committing hari-kari on the two points recently gained by bethlehem steel. i have also thought about calling a conference, since a conference is a gathering of important people who, singly, can do nothing but together can decide that nothing can be done. both ideas were abandoned in favor of this letter to you.

sincerely,

fred allen.

The Stock Exchange didn't sue. It posted the letter on its bulletin board and got a week of laughs free.

This coming May Fred Allen will be forty-eight years of age—and he will be able to look back on a career marked by Gags Greater than Milestones. He was born with, or to, the name John Florence Sullivan. He still uses it when he signs his income tax and radio contracts. He has also had at different times the names of Paul Huckle, Fred St. James, Freddie James, and finally, borrowing the last name of a theatrical agent, Fred Allen. Every week he gets letters from people named Allen who claim to be relatives and want money.

His father was a bookbinder in the Boston Public Library, and he finally got a job there stacking books. To relieve monotony, he juggled the volumes—and this led naturally to amateur vaudeville. When I asked him about those early days, he reminisced with a few rib ticklers:

"My first real appearance took

Fred Allen and his Texaco Star Theater are heard Wednesday nights, 9 o'clock, E. T., over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Chalked up as a bull's-eye, this gag of Fred Allen's just can't seem aside from the point.

place at the Hub Theater. Billed as a 'talking juggler,' I was too frightened to talk and too nervous to juggle. The idea of the act was commendable for those days. If you listened to my monologue, it would take your mind off my juggling. And if you were intent on the feats of so-called dexterity, it saved wear and tear on your ears. You paid your money and took your choice!

"Anyway, I must have scratched myself on a nail in the dressing room, because the following morning I awakened with the theater in my blood.

"In 1916 a friend of mine concocted a formula for a seasickness cure, which he wanted me to try out. Accordingly, billed as 'The World's Worst Juggler,' I set sail for Australia—and for fourteen months appeared in vaudeville theaters throughout Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and Honolulu. I sailed so much and juggled so little that I finally wrote my agent: 'Listen. Did I sign for vaudeville—or before the mast?'

"Then back to America and more years of vaudeville, under the name Freddie James, from California to Nova Scotia. So many theater managers had mistaken me for one of the James boys on salary days that I reluctantly changed my professional name to Allen as a tribute to Ethan Allen, who had stopped using the name shortly after the Revolution."

His early days, he now admits, were a cavalcade of gags. At sixteen he was saying, "I could tell you a secret about a can of condensed milk, but I'm afraid it would leak out." At nineteen he was cracking, "I don't have to look up my family tree. I know that I'm the sap!" At twenty-five he was mailing ten-per-centers a twelve-page booklet labeled What I Know About Show Business, by Fred Allen, and all the pages were blank. At twenty-seven, dressed in a suit ten sizes too large for him, he'd amble out on the stage and explain, "You see, my suit was tailored in New Rochelle. And, of course, I'm a much bigger man in New Rochelle than I am here in New York."

In those days, whenever a quip got only weak or light applause, Allen would turn in the direction of the applause and say touchingly, "Thank you, mother."

During his hectic career Allen was involved in two major feuds—one fact and one phony. The real one occurred when he was doing Broadway musicals with Clifton Webb and Libby Holman. For a while he teamed with comic Jimmy Savo, until little Jimmy began to feel that Allen's acid quips were making him appear sillier than was necessary. He finally challenged Allen to an alley fight. That was the end of the team. But Fred Allen still can't help giving his ex-partner the verbal hot-foot. Recently, when asked about Savo, he flipped:

"Jimmy Savo had given a piece of his mind to so many people that by the time he got working with me he had only a fragment left!"

Allen's other feud, pure fiction, began with gags about Jack Benny's inability to play The Bee on his violin, greatly increased the Crossleys of both funny men, and culminated in Paramount starring both in Love Thy Neighbor, which earned Fred Allen $100,000.

The feud with Benny has shaken some of Allen's best gags out of his system. Typical anti-Benny barbs:

"The only girl that ever looked twice at Jack Benny was Robert Ripley's secretary. And she didn't believe it. Benny a great lover? He's set Cupid back two hundred years! Oh, yes, indeed, Jack is a very funny man. Five minutes with him and your sides ache. Every time he tells a joke he punches you in the stomach."

While Allen hates Hollywood sham and front, he can kid about the town, too. "I'm always afraid I'll wake up at twelve o'clock in Hollywood and find the place turned back into a pumpkin! I went to the Brown Derby while there. It's a popular café where people from Iowa mistake each other for movie stars. And Ciro's, the Brown Derby with White Tie, where movie stars mistake each other for movie stars. It's where you meet the producer, a dynamic ulcer in charge of making a picture—and where you don't meet the assistant producer, the man who gets fired when the producer makes a bad film!"

Radio is Allen's first love. He sets each gag for each show like an architect planning the Taj Mahal. As a result, he keeps his nose inside his apartment, out of his 4,000 collected joke books, but sniffing nine daily newspapers and four weekly magazines for comedy news and leads. "My week is budgeted like a recipe for a nervous breakdown," he says.

And it really is. He will spend three entire nights writing copy that will last only five minutes on the air. Three fifths of the show's dialogue is spoken by him, and the rest belongs to Guests and to the Mighty Allen Art Players. Every gag is his own—and no other comedian in the United States can say that! Once he tried hiring gag writers. Even hired Frank Sullivan. But no use. Today he hires four idea men who suggest skits for him to build up.

He goes out only two nights a week, either to dinner and theater or to a prize fight. He takes boxing lessons on Tuesday afternoons, and spends another two-hour session in the gym during the week. "Exercise?" he will laugh. "Well, I like long walks—especially when they're taken by the people who annoy me."

He works solid week-ends, except for Sunday Mass. A good Catholic who doesn't drink, doesn't gamble, and who once supported thirty poor families ("The WPA saved him," says his wife), he has been married to Portland Hoffa since 1927, when he was on the stage and she was in George White's Scandals. "As a result," he says, "we had no extended honeymoon, but spent a few days in Waterbury, Connecticut, to make it seem longer!"

Many of Allen's friends are newspapermen. Not long ago one of them, H. Allen Smith, wrote a healthy sacrilege entitled Low Man on a Totem Pole. Fred Allen wrote the introduction to the book. One of his passages on his pal Smith goes like this*:

"His current hobby is reading quickly. If a story in Liberty specifies: 'Reading Time, 12 minutes,' Smith will read it in five and save seven minutes. Last year the minutes saved reading Liberty stories under par added up to six days and enabled Smith to enjoy almost an extra week on his vacation (which he spent practicing). In a recent speed reading exhibition Smith sat in a dark room, and a news photographer set off a flashlight bulb. During the ensuing split second of glare Smith read an entire 'My Day' column and got halfway through Pegler. . . .

"He enjoys looking at people who are looking at excavations. He stands in long lines outside of movie theaters and, at the crucial moment, doesn't go in. . . . Smith's face, which seems to be receding (from what, I am not prepared to say), hangs down from his hair and rests on his Adam's apple."

Fred Allen told me his three favorite comedians are Jack Benny, Bob Hope, and Colonel Lemuel Q. Stoopnagle. He told me the gag he originated that had been most repeated for years was, "How much would you charge to haunt a house?" He refused to pass on any Hitler jokes, insisting, "I don't know what I could say about Hitler that would be printable. He doesn't inspire laughter in any form."

THE END

* From Low Man on a Totem Pole, by H. Allen Smith, copyright, 1941, reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Company, Inc.

Firelight and mellow beer weave memories to cherish

Can't you recall a certain evening, when the flickering log fire lulled you into deep contentment . . . two of you sitting there in a world of dancing shadows . . . sharing the good memories of things past . . . and the hope of bright new days to come . . .

The fire crackled and a log fell in a golden shower of sparks. And then you remembered the friendly, delicious beer cooling in the ice-box for your enjoyment...always the perfect beverage for precious moments of companionship.

For beer and ale are Nature's gift to the art of living . . . endowed with wholesome goodness by the choice grains and fragrant hops of which they're brewed . . . satisfying . . . delicious. True "beverages of moderation," beer and ale help make life itself richer, more serene, more pleasant.

Because beer is a beverage of moderation and so great a national favorite, it deserves to have its good name guarded well. We who brew America's beer are cooperating to prevent abuses wherever they may occur in the retailing of beer and ale. You can help with understanding and support of the brewers' "clean-up or close-up" program...described in a booklet sent free. Address Brewing Industry Foundation, Dept. C13, 21 East 40th St., New York, N.Y.

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

American Moment

They did not believe in war, were losing faith in love . . . and they found they'd all been fools

BY ALICE DOUGLAS KELLY

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

☆ ST. URSULA'S fashionable congregation gathered in little groups outside its doors after the morning service. The crowd was larger than usual, because the retired rector, Dr. Lowndes, had returned to preach an anniversary sermon. And only in answer to this demand upon their courtesy could many of the masculine members have been persuaded from golf or from bed, and even now several St. Ursula wives looked a trifle worn from the struggle which had ended in their triumph.

Margaret Quentin looked neither tired nor proud. Her fair, still pretty face was impassive, and her deep blue eyes surveyed almost impersonally her well dressed and well behaved family. Dan, her husband, was tall and impressive in his morning clothes; Angela, her eldest daughter, looked streamlined and charming in a man-tailored and fur-collared topcoat; and John and Betty, the youngest, were resplendently groomed and obviously rebellious.

"How on earth did you do it, Peggy?"

Margaret smiled with surprised pleasure at her sister, Laura March. Laura had none of Margaret's delicate blonde beauty, but she was in her own way effective. She was the kind of plain dark woman, with white teeth and a warm husky voice, who seems to have a special appeal for men. Her husband, Arthur, had always considered it a privilege to surround her with luxuries without asking for any return. Margaret saw that she had achieved the new sable jacket for which she had been audibly longing during the past few weeks and, in her mild and entirely affectionate way, she envied her for the hundredth time the beauty of her clothes and jewels and the perfection of her accessories.

"How did I do what?" she asked.

"Get your whole gang to church," Laura explained. "Art swore he had work to do, and Denby was at that Lonsdale oaf's stag last night."

"It must have been quite a brawl," Margaret said. "I bribed them all shamelessly," she answered Laura's question, "and I've got to get them all away now. Jo went to that party, too, and he says he can't stay up for more than two consecutive hours."

"Oh." Laura turned to look at the pale, handsome young man in uniform who stood beside her serious, dark-eyed niece. "What are you going to do about *that?*"

"Don't be silly!" Margaret's gentle voice was almost sharp. "What can I do? Angela's twenty years old and opposition only makes things worse."

"Aren't kids the darnedest pests!" Laura exclaimed. "I've almost gone crazy over this business of Denby's number coming up. But at last I've worn Art down to the point where he says he'll *see* what he can do with the draft board. And Dr. Harrison can perfectly truthfully say that Denby's always been delicate."

Margaret started to speak, then checked herself. Suppose she did feel that Laura was not quite fair to Art, and that Denby need not have been delicate if Laura had not, after the death of her first two babies, so persistently coddled him. Suppose she found something vaguely distasteful in the idea of using influence to keep a privileged boy from serving his country. Even so, what right had she to criticize? She had not made such a startling success of her own life.

She said slowly, "I suppose all this militarizing *is* rather senseless."

"Oh, senseless! And unchristian, if it comes to that," Laura said firmly. "As Dr. Lowndes said this morning, 'Why not prepare for *peace?*'"

"Well," Margaret said vaguely. Then she frowned. "Darling, I have to go," she said. "There's Charlie Biggs coming out, and if he and Dan get started on taxes—"

"Don't mention taxes to me!" Laura rolled her brilliant brown eyes heavenward. "Look, Peggy." She spoke abruptly and seriously. "I'm going to leave Art."

Margaret's beautiful eyes clouded.

"I was afraid of that," she said. "I'm sorry, Laura."

"I don't like it myself," Laura admitted, "but I can't stand the wrangling and the fussing any longer. He talks of nothing but money and he acts as if he *hated* Denby."

"Oh, dear!" Margaret put a gloved hand on her sister's arm. "Wait a little while till we talk it over. Look, why don't you and Art and Denby come over to dinner? Around two?"

"Oh, we will," Laura accepted gratefully. "I was dreading going home—you know how you hate to, once you're out—but this will take the curse off it."

In the car on the way home, Margaret leaned back, her face, under the high line of her velvet turban, grave and a little frightened. She thought of Laura's words and she realized that they had been disconcertingly true. Most people, most women anyway, she believed, did hate to go home. She did. She admitted it for the first time. Home meant nothing to her these days but worry, responsibility, and boredom.

Housekeeping bored her. The children bored her, though she loved them devotedly. And recently Dan had bored her, and she had begun to wonder how long she would go on loving him. She glanced at him, and saw that he was handsomer now, in his self-confident late forties, than he had been as a thin shy country boy. But the boy had had an eagerness, a humor, and a sense of adventure which the older man entirely lacked.

Margaret wondered why so few men seemed to feel that they need do anything to hold their wives. While the wives— She sighed. It seemed to her that she had given up every minor preference she had in order to interest Dan. She was even now president of the Book Club, head of the Littleton Home Defense Corps, and on the entertainment committee for the Country Club. She had kept up with the times, had made contacts, had kept her mind alert and her body reasonably young—for what?

To hear Dan drone on about taxa-

She looked disapprovingly at Jo, who was sprawled in the big chair, and at Angela, who sat leaning against his knee.

tion and the fecklessness of the younger generation, like some old fogy with white whiskers and a paunch. To have him peck her cheek twice a day and telephone her three times a week to tell her he was staying in town late or that he would not be home to Saturday lunch because he was playing another round with a prospect.

She was aroused from her dreary reverie by familiar sounds of wrangling on the small back seats.

"I can so use the club. It's for girls as much as for boys. It says 'jůnior,' an' juniors 're as much girls as lousy ol' boys!"

"I didn't say you couldn't use it. I merely remarked that it doesn't add up to much with the regular guys to have a lot of female infants—"

☆ "JOHN! Betty! Be quiet this minute or you can get out and *walk* home. You act more like five and three than like thirteen and fifteen."

In the brief lull which followed her exasperated protest, she was not consoled by hearing Jo Lindley's tearing yawn, followed by, "I imagine I'll die just at sundown. Remember, Angie, that I never regretted meeting you."

"Fool!" Angela's clear, crisp voice toned down to tenderness. "If you *will* mix your drinks! I don't suppose you could get another night's leave?"

"With our great Wall Street interests in peril? I should say not! No, light of my life, I must be back on the minute at 5 P. M. to play soldier boys with all my little pals. Don't worry, though; I am getting in solid with our sarge. If we do get into the mess, I'll have a cushy job, maybe."

Margaret frowned. She did not know why it offended her so much to hear the boy talking like that. Heaven knew she did not believe in war and she had disapproved of conscription. But somehow it seemed the part of decent youth to fight for what they believed—propaganda or not—was right. Young men should be knights jousting, or even Quixotes tilting at windmills; it didn't much matter. Anything was better than a coldly logical determination to shirk.

And while she certainly did not want Angela to marry a man who had been called even before he had had time to try out his chosen profession of journalism, on the other hand she hated Angela's flippancy about life and love and her cool summing up of everything as totalitarian inhumanity.

She wished Angela could have had a few illusions to make her happy until she had to renounce them. She, Margaret, had had illusions herself once. She looked again at Dan and her heart quickened in spite of her drooping spirits. He was still attractive, especially outside the home, she thought bitterly, remembering the little interludes he had enjoyed and which dear friends had so promptly reported to her.

Well, it was easy enough to play around if you weren't tied to a house and children. She stirred uneasily. Her thoughts were as trite as her existence. What did she expect at over forty? Life beginning in terms of a second youth, of romance? She was not so foolish. And yet, she had believed that something of romance outlasted the first fierce desires of the body; that marriage was a world where something of enchantment might persist until the end.

She and Dan had had it often, long after the honeymoon, years after the first young splendor had passed. And they had found it in the most unlikely places at the most unlikely times. It had not depended then upon bright conversation, nor upon careful grooming. Before the babies came, when she was sick and self-pitying and distorted, glory had touched their path.

"Don't die, darling," the young Dan had begged her. And, "You're so beautiful!" he had insisted when, limp and pallid, she had lain panting in the hospital bed, safely a mother after hours of agony.

"I told you not to dot your i's so hard!"

They had laughed and loved and had been winged at the strangest moments; when Dan had lost his first job; the day she'd spent all the housekeeping money on a hat; and the breath-taking time when she had needed the operation, and Dan had been tempted to steal the money he'd been banking for his employer, but hadn't and had bought her a quarter's worth of roses to celebrate her having such a fine, honest husband; the time—oh, dozens of times, hundreds!

Until, in fact, they had gotten prosperous, until Margaret never had to go too long between permanents, and was never so tired at night that, so far from entertaining him, she would sag against Dan and mutter, "*Make* me go to bed, sweetheart. And will you lock up and put out the lights?"

After she had taken ten years off her age with diets and exercises, after other men had begun to notice her. And they had noticed her, but she had discouraged them all. And now she wondered if she had been right. Maybe if Dan had been jealous—but then, was he interested enough to be jealous? And how could you go back? She couldn't begin wearing shabby clothes again, and if she lost the housekeeping money, all she'd have to do was to make out another check.

The car stopped with a lurch at the house, and Margaret looked up with distaste. The place, she thought, looked horribly smug. It was all so tidy. The snowy curtains at the windows, the polished door handle and knocker, and the big wooden tubs of evergreen set at intervals along the porch to replace the furniture, all had a look of finality. Except for an occasional change of decoration, the usual minor repairs, and the acquisition at Christmas or on birthdays of a few more possessions to take care of, there was nothing to do to the house. It was finished.

And that, Margaret realized painfully, was the trouble with her. There was nothing more to do with her life. She would go on being an efficient mother, a good housewife, but a woman's personal life began and ended with her husband. And Dan . . .

His voice cut across her thoughts:

"But you had your allowances only yesterday."

"I know"—Betty's high voice was gratingly near a whine—"but I hafta have a newspaper for my homework, and Molly and I are going to walk this afternoon, an' *she* has a quarter to spend."

"Mine's really a debt of honor," John explained virtuously. "I borrowed forty cents from Will Wintner."

"Well, you shouldn't borrow. Good Lord! When I was your age—"

But Margaret saw, as she went into the house, that he was reaching for his pocket. His only contacts with his children nowadays seemed to consist either in giving them money or in withholding it from them. While all they appeared to require from their parents were supplies of one kind or another. She supposed it was natural enough for adolescence to be self-centered, but it tended to make the mother feel bereft.

☆ IN the kitchen she found Dora, looking thunderous.

"I'm sorry we're late," she said. "It was a long sermon. We'd better have dinner at half past two. And the Marches are coming. Oh, you aren't throwing out those vegetables, are you?"

"What would I do with thim?" Dora demanded belligerently, looking with contempt at the three boiled potatoes and the two carrots in the small blue bowl. "They'd not make a meal for *this* family."

The soup pots of peasant France, her own solitary lunches, small salads came momentarily to Margaret's mind, but she said nothing. Dora was a little wasteful at times, but she didn't mind the children or extra guests—and, anyway, Margaret felt that she could not stand any more friction.

She had had a scene with Angela the night before about Jo, his lack of prospects, and early marriages. She had arbitrated at least a dozen times in the last twenty-four hours between the two youngest. And Dan had forgotten her birthday three days before. She personally didn't care if Dora

threw away the contents of the larder or if the family quarreled till the police were called in. All she wanted was to get away, either to a hospital or to New York and new clothes and dinner with some one who would appreciate her.

In the hallway she jerked off her hat and coat and went into the living room with storm gathering behind her usual serenity. She looked disapprovingly at Jo, who was sprawled in the big chair, a cigarette in his hand, and at Angela, who sat on the ottoman leaning against his knee. But Jo grinned at her disarmingly.

"I'm no good, I know, Ma Peggy. But you love me just the same."

☆ MARGARET smiled reluctantly. No one could help liking Jo, and if things had been different— She averted her eyes from Angela's pitifully tense and unhappy young face and greeted Laura and Art and Denby, who had just arrived.

Arthur was a stooped, bald man who always looked tired and who twitched with nerves. He smiled his unexpectedly sweet smile at Margaret.

"This is very pleasant," he said.

And Denby, tall, good-looking, and sullen, echoed him.

"You saved a promising young man from suicide."

"Promising what?" Angela teased him.

And Denby laughed, but Margaret saw the color come up under his fair skin and his voice was bitter when he answered, "Promising to be the prop and stay of his parents' old age."

"And hurrying them into that enfeebled state as soon as possible," his father remarked, with a laugh which was supposed to turn the remark into a joke but which did not quite succeed.

"Art would like Denby to prove his manhood by going into a machine shop and never having a bath," Laura said dryly.

"Instead of by drinking and betting," Art agreed smoothly.

"Machinists take baths," Jo contributed from his chair of pain. "I worked as a machinist to get through college. You have to scrub so hard to get the grease off you, you get positively natty."

They all laughed, and Margaret silently thanked Jo, and was also relieved to see Dan arriving with the cocktails. Separately Laura and Art and Denby were delightful people. Together lately they had been a social liability. But the cocktails somewhat restored their social sense.

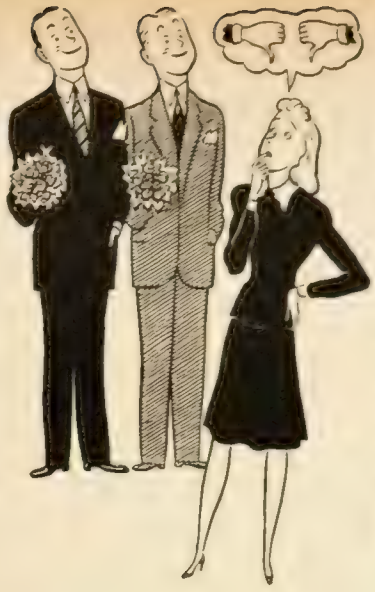
"Your hair is still so pretty," Laura said warmly.

"Silver threads among the gold," John observed.

And Margaret flipped a wafer at him.

"Gag yourself, infant," she told him.

After that the tension relaxed somewhat and Margaret sat back contentedly and rested. Why, she wondered, couldn't they always be like this— peaceful, enjoying their blessings? Even the low murmurings of Angela



In the usual ad
It's the fellow-who-uses-the-product for whom the heroine has it bad.
But suppose
Both of *two* beaus
Use it
Then who's it?
A little patience, old man,
And we'll tell you about Grace, Bill, and Dan.

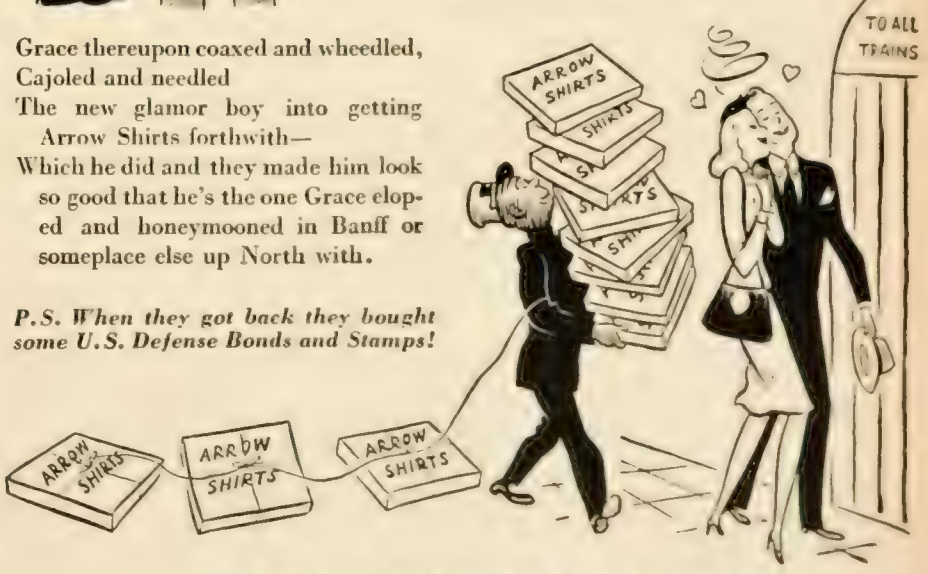
Each in turn would take her to the Strand.
Then dancing to a juke box or sometimes a real. live band.
Both had fair jobs with fair salaries;
Both consumed sufficient calories:
And both wore Arrow Shirts and looked swell in them.
BUT—both lacked something to ring the bell in them.

Well, who should come into's Grace's life and say "Hozzit?"
But a composite
Of your favorite movie actors.
He was wonderful, except his shirts which looked as though they had a going-over by a squad of tractors,
And which started in life as 15's and proceeded to diminish
And whose collars looked what-the-cat-dragged-inish.

Grace took Good Old Dan or was it Good Old Bill aside
And pried:
"Mmm, that's a nice shirt. Tell me about it."
"It's an Arrow," said Dan (or Bill). "Wouldn't be without it!
Arrows have the finest collars extant.
Shrink? Why, Arrows *can't*—
Not even one per-centum!
And as for shirts that haven't Arrow's Figure-Fit, I definitely resentum!"

Grace thereupon coaxed and wheedled,
Cajoled and needled
The new glamor boy into getting Arrow Shirts forthwith—
Which he did and they made him look so good that he's the one Grace eloped and honeymooned in Banff or someplace else up North with.

P.S. When they got back they bought some U.S. Defense Bonds and Stamps!



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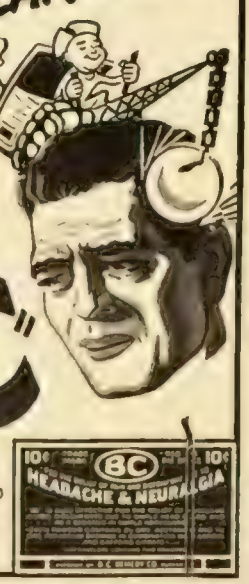

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and Jo hardly irritated her. It was so wonderful to be young and in love, she thought; even unhappily in love. But at that, pain stabbed at her heart again. It wasn't much fun being unhappily in love, after all. She watched Dan being amusing and gracious, always a good and a pleasant host. Where, she wondered, had they lost each other? Her eyes stung and she turned them away to see Betty preparing to ruin the moment by offering one of her favorite programs on the radio.

"No, Betty, not now!" she said sharply. "Turn it off!"

But even while Betty started to obey, Dan said, "Wait! What's that?"

And a man's voice came strongly into the room:

"At dawn Japanese planes attacked Pearl Harbor . . . plunged us into a state of war without warning. . . . President to call special meeting of Cabinet. . . ."

☆ EVERY one was motionless until the broadcast was over. Then Jo rose like a rocket from the chair.

"Holy Christmas!" he said. "I haven't been back to my room since yesterday. All leaves must be canceled. Lemme get to the phone!" But almost immediately he was back. "Not a chance," he said. "All lines are busy. I'd better get going right away."

"I'll drive you back," Angela said. Then her voice broke, and he took her in his arms.

"We'll show 'em," he said. "We'll learn 'em to pull fast ones on *this* country."

Angela blinked and nodded.

"Who the hell do they think they *are?*" she inquired. "We'll declare war, of course."

"Well, naturally."

"And you're so darned brave, you'll push and shove till you get right on the front line."

"And where would you have me be?"

Margaret hardly heard what the two were saying. She only saw how young they were and how brave and how unconscious of all the changes and hardships to which their best years were now dedicated.

"I don't suppose you'll be able to send us much information," Dan said, "but we certainly wish you luck, my boy, and if there's anything we can do—"

"We can have the wedding here any time he can get two hours off," Margaret suggested.

Angela gasped, and Jo caught her off her feet and almost broke two of her ribs in gratitude.

Laura frowned. "Margaret!" she protested. "Surely you're not going around advocating war marriages!"

"I'm not 'going around' doing anything," Margaret answered. "Angela has a good home, and she can get work. Jo has no family. He should have some one who belongs to him. Anyway, I want them to be happy—while they can." Her voice failed her and she stopped.

But Laura persisted. "And suppose there's a baby."

Margaret recovered her voice. "I never saw the time," she snapped, "when the country couldn't use a good baby."

But, for all her firmness, her eyes were wet when she saw Jo and Angela drive away and even Art's laughing remark, "There's one pacifist and one Communist who got converted in a hurry," could not cheer her.

No one, in fact, felt much like smiling as the afternoon wore on. Dinner was almost untouched and the radio was kept constantly turned on. At five o'clock sounds of violent strife were heard from the library, and Dan's stern, exasperated shouts brought Betty and John into the public eye, both disheveled and furious.

"I will too have as many defense stamps as he will when the war's over," Betty stormed. "Just because I've only got forty-seven cents now—I can work, I can save."

"But I have to have more, you drip! Because I'm a man, and men gotter defend the country and protect darned female brain jobs like you."

With difficulty and welcome but suppressed mirth, peace was restored and the belligerents dispatched with promises of a neck-and-neck start on further defense stamps. Then Laura got up.

"I think we'd better go," she said wearily. "With Denby undoubtedly rushing off to enlist tomorrow—"

Denby grabbed her arm. "What the—I was going to sneak off!"

"Fool!" Laura said disconsolately. "I think war is senseless and if I were running things there wouldn't be any, but as it is—"

"Wait a minute." Art was standing straighter than he had for many years. "You mean you *want* to fight?"

"Just because you think I'm a cross between a moron and a garden flower—" Denby began coldly.

But Laura cut him short.

"Be quiet, you two!" she said. "We've all been fools. Go and get the car, Denby, and be quick if you want me to send you boxes at whatever horrible camp you infest."

When the boy had gone, Art said, "That was pretty brave, Laura."

Laura put one jeweled hand over her eyes and with the other groped for him.

"If you think so, come and comfort me, idiot," she said crossly.

And at the look on his face as he took his wife in his arms, Margaret turned her head away.

☆ BETTY and John had supper out that evening, and Angela telephoned that she was going to a movie with friends so she would not be a "soppy mess" around the house. So Margaret and Dan foraged for themselves.

Dora, on her way out, gave them firm instructions.

"I'm off to my sister's," she said. "Her boy's in the navy an' last she heard he was in thim Philippines. She'll be fit to be tied, poor soul.

There's some of that cold pot roast you c'n have f'r your supper. But don't go takin' th' chicken. We'll have to watch th' food now and not be wastin' like you're used to."

After she had gone Margaret felt suddenly very tired. She was unhappy and worried about Angela, and she was lonely. She changed, before joining Dan by the living-room radio, into an old negligee which was shapeless enough to be worn without a foundation, and put her slender feet into flat and roomy blue fuzzy-wuzzies. Glamour was of no use to middle age, she thought morosely, so why not be comfortable?

She went down to sit on the couch beside Dan, and she put her feet up on a hassock, collapsed comfortably against the cushions, and put two lumps of sugar into the coffee he had ready for her.

"I wonder how long all these changes of heart we saw today will last," she remarked idly.

"I think they were more discoveries of heart than changes," Dan said.

Margaret looked at him in surprise. "That's very clever of you," she remarked.

"Oh, I have my moments," Dan admitted modestly.

They both laughed, and suddenly he took her hand.

"While you were upstairs the Home Defense office telephoned," he said. "They want me to be head fire warden, and I'd like to; but it will take a lot of time."

"Well, I could pinch-hit for you in the office," Margaret offered. "I guess I can show property as well as you can. I could even"—her eyes twinkled wickedly—"have lunch or cocktails with good-looking prospects."

Dan colored.

"It never meant anything," he said presently. "I just felt that you were so absorbed in the house and the children."

He hadn't, of course, Margaret knew. He had never analyzed the situation at all. He had taken her for granted, as she—she now realized—had taken him for granted, and the comforts he provided for her. Now it had been suddenly and terribly brought home to them both that in a war-torn world you could take nothing for granted, and that you must never again waste a happy or a secure moment for fear that it might never return.

She said, "Whatever comes—"

He put his arm around her. "We're together," he finished.

Margaret smiled. "You use the most awful bromides," she said placidly.

"Well, they're mostly true," Dan insisted imperturbably.

They sat quietly, talking a little, explaining a very little. And old resentments and dreary questionings disappeared as if they had never been. It was enough in that hour that they were one in courage and still young and strong enough to be of some use.

Toward midnight Margaret stirred suddenly against Dan's shoulder.

"I hope," she said, "that it won't take a war to bring us to our senses next time we drift apart. We can't expect the Axis to invade America every time we get in a rut."

Dan laughed. "We'd better take Dr. Lowndes' advice and start now to prepare for peace," he said. "But, really, all we needed was a reminder that we had something to work out as partners—any kind of emergency. A fire or your breaking your leg would have done it."

"You break *your* leg," Margaret suggested. She yawned. "I'm dying," she said. "You keep track of the news for a while."

"And I'll lock up, too."

She smiled. "So you remember," she said gently.

His arm tightened around her.

"You're beautiful—did you know it?" he asked.

Margaret looked vaguely into the wall mirror opposite her. She saw her shiny nose, her deeply circled eyes, and the disorder of her graying hair, and she flopped heavily against her husband.

"As long as you can lie like that," she muttered, "you won't *have* to break a leg."

And presently, after weeks of insomnia and frantic worry, at the moment when all her material safety was threatened, she knew a perfect conviction of ultimate security and immediate happiness, and went deeply and peacefully to sleep.

THE END

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PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS

It has taken Hollywood to make a stirring screen tribute to the Royal Canadian Air Force. With the brilliant James Cagney in the leading role, resplendent technicolor, and loads of authentic atmosphere, this picture is great propaganda and great entertainment. From the early shots of bush pilots hopping through the Canadian wilderness to the stern realities of fighting the British Commonwealth of Nations' far-flung air battles, the film has tremendous punch.

There is a nice balance throughout between personal drama and air-training routine. One is shown all the complicated stages of turning youngsters into the gallant fighters of the R. C. A. F., from dive-bombing to ferrying planes across the Atlantic. Since Air Marshal Bishop and his officers collaborated with Warners at every turn, these shots are impressive and striking.

The human story is somewhat rambling, but it is honest and engrossing. The first sequences of the film are concerned with the bush pilots, competing with each other for dangerous air freight and passenger jobs in the Far North. The love story that is introduced when a cocky price-cutting aviator has his life saved by another bush pilot and then takes his flibbertigibbety girl away from him, thinking he is doing him a service, is not too sturdy, but it has been handled with restraint, both in the staging and the acting.

After the bush pilots are caught up in the big frame of R. C. A. F. activity, the human drama becomes blurred. But it flares up brightly in a tragically heroic climax, as Cagney saves other ferry pilots in their undefended bombers by deliberately ramming a German Messerschmidt.

The acting is what saves the show from its tendency to become an illustrated lecture on the Canadian Air Force. Cagney has a difficult and not altogether sympathetic role. He is the bane of other bush pilots. He's finally busted out of the service. But, as usual, he's got inside the character of a reckless self-willed flyer of the old school and made him a fascinating figure. Brenda Marshall is properly sultry and fickle as the siren from the backwoods. Then there is Dennis Morgan, representing the exact opposite of the Cagney type of aviator. Michael Curtiz, in his staging, demonstrates again that he's one of the best spectacle directors around.

(Warner Bros.)

Brenda Marshall—James Cagney hears her siren call in Captains of the Clouds.

Dennis Morgan and James Cagney.

★ ★ ★ JOE SMITH, AMERICAN

This is a tough and stirring melodrama about defense workers. The Joe of the title is the typical skilled worker in an aviation plant who finds that enemy agents are more than casually interested in his ability to construct a bomb sight. Here is a savage interpolation of that current phrase: "Hiya, Joe, what do you know?" For the hero takes a terrific beating before he escapes from a gang of foreign terrorists.

There has been a tendency in recent espionage thrillers to lay on plot so thick that the central theme of defending democracy becomes blurred. Joe Smith, American, has avoided this pitfall brilliantly. It sticks to a simple narrative and treats it with power and authority. On one hand there is Joe's stubborn refusal to give away the secret of the bomb sight to the Gestapo rats. On the other is his smart trapping of the agents by keeping his wits about him even during a third degree.

Robert Young plays the title role with great skill and understanding. Marsha Hunt is effective as his wife. Most of the film's excellence comes, though, from the treatment. Richard Thorpe has staged a good script by Allen Rivkin with excitement and terror to make a rousing anti-espionage thriller.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—(None.)

★★★½—Joan of Paris, Kings Row, Babes on Broadway, Ball of Fire, Sullivan's Travels, All Through the Night, The Man Who Came to Dinner, H. M. Pulham, Esq., How Green Was My Valley, Two-Faced Woman.

★★★—Woman of the Year, Son of Fury, Dangerously They Live, The Bugle Sounds, The Vanishing Virginian, Johnny Eager, Mr. Bug Goes to Town, Hellzapoppin, Design for Scandal, Kathleen, The Corsican Brothers, Sundown, Shadow of the Thin Man, Blues in the Night, Playmates, The Chocolate Soldier.

record, and from that recording I made the forty-nine others."

Riker didn't believe it. The operation seemed too complicated to be plausible.

"Just to prove yer a liar," he jeered, "I'll play it now." Five of those seventeen words would be the same in any language: "Bradshaw," "Roach," "Moresby," "Parnurma," and "Riker."

So Riker went to the phonograph and wound the spring. He put on a fresh needle. The Aloha side of the record being up, he turned it over to *Vesti la giubba.*

When he set it to revolving, the rich voice of an Italian tenor filled the room. Came bars of the genuine opera. Shantwell chortled from his perch on the counter. "Keep your ears open, chum. The part about you comes just before the big laugh, near the end."

☆ THE record played on, Riker relaxing all the while. It was just as he'd heard it innumerable times all through this past year.

They were Italian words without meaning to Riker. But suddenly, from that sequence of song, the word "Bradshaw" leaped out at him. Yet if he hadn't been listening for it he would not have caught it at all. Two Italian words followed it. Then came a sound which seemed to be "Roach." Again two foreign words. Then "Moresby." Then three Italian words. Then "Parnurma." Then five Italian words, followed by a harsh "Riker."

After that came a burst of clownish laughter. It thumped at Riker with dramatic emphasis—these heartburning, mirthless ha-ha-ha-ha's from Punchinello.

The record scratched on to a stop. And to Riker it was a sealed indictment. For a year he'd been spreading abroad that raucous record of his crime. Fury broke over him like a rash. Sol Shantwell's cunning grin taunted him, and it was more than Riker could bear.

His temper snapped leash as he snatched the gun from the drawer. He fired point-blank, and Shantwell's grin faded. The man slapped at his heart, rocked sidewise, and then slithered to the floor.

Riker dropped the gun. Then he took the oilskin coat and spread it to catch the man's blood. Rain still hammered on the roof. The shot, Riker knew, couldn't have been heard outside.

He wrapped the oilskin coat about his victim and then rolled all in a grass mat. Heaving it to his shoulder, he staggered outside. Rain there came in sheets, and he couldn't even see deck lights from the anchored Graybird.

But he knew where Sol must have left the gig which had brought him ashore. Maybe a sailor had oared the skipper in and was now taking shelter in a dock shed. So Riker put his burden down and reconnoitered.

He found no one on the pier. A captain's gig was moored there, and the rain had filled it thwart-deep. Riker splashed into the dock shed, helping himself to a bucket, a lantern, and an old boat anchor. He lighted the lantern, but he knew it wouldn't show more than a hundred meters through the rain.

With the bucket he bailed out Shantwell's gig. Then he embarked with the mat-shrouded body and weighted it with the anchor.

He rowed out into the lagoon. Fully a mile off the pier, in deep water, Riker sank Sol Shantwell. He could count on the anchor keeping the tide from beaching any evidence. He felt fairly safe now. He oared himself back to the pier, took the bucket and lantern to the dock shed. Then he set the gig adrift and went home.

Tracks? By morning, in this deluge, the beach would be washed clean.

In his store, Riker's first act was to take that phonograph record off the machine and smash it into bits. But he remembered the forty-nine similar records which he'd scattered all over the island. He must get them back and destroy them all. Each was a witness—an accusing voice crying his guilt through the bush.

☆ IT was midmorning before Bantree, representing the island police, made any inquiry at Riker's.

"Did Skipper Shantwell stop by here last night?"

"Didn't see 'im."

Bantree didn't seem at all suspicious. "His crew tells me he rowed ashore alone last night. This morning we find his gig adrift. Looks like the blow might have toppled him out."

Riker waited three days, until the Graybird had steamed away under command of her mate. Then he set out desperately to reclaim forty-nine scattered records.

He left Tama in charge at the store, and made a tour of the island. Riker had a list of all the premium winners for the past year. Calling on them one by one, he hoped to take up the old Aloha records by promising new ones in exchange. He could say new ones would be in on an early boat.

At his first call there was no objection. Riker simply took the record, gave a receipt for it; then the minute he was out of sight he smashed it.

Three more customers were handled the same way, but the fifth customer was difficult. He insisted on keeping his record until a replacement was delivered.

Riker solved the point by handling the record, as though to see if it were nicked, and then purposely dropping it. Then he apologized and gave the native a shilling to compensate him.

By nightfall Riker had accounted for twenty of the forty-nine hazards. Twice he'd had to break a record by dropping it under the eyes of a stubborn owner. Three cases had balked him completely—instances where the

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70% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS

original winner no longer owned the premium.

Riker found such a case at Savara, where he stopped for the night. Here the original winner had given his record to a friend. And at the friend's thatch-roofed *fale* Riker ran into an impasse of sentiment.

"It would not be courtesy to him who gave me this gift," the native insisted in his own formal idioms, "if I seem to think so little of it that I exchange it for something else."

Nor could he be shaken from that position. Riker tried dropping the record as though by accident. But the floor of this fale was paved with soft and cushiony shell—so the record did not break.

☆ ON his couch of mats in the guest fale that night, Riker lay fretfully awake. For a while he could hear no sound except the quarreling of fruit bats in a mango tree. Then suddenly came song. In some distant quarter of the village a phonograph began playing Aloha.

Riker listened, and far away he heard native voices, a clapping of hands, and he knew they were dancing on the beach.

The clapping stopped, and he knew they had turned the record over. For now there came to him *Vesti la giubba*. A mellow tenor solo in Italian. Riker tried to catch the sound of his own name buried in those foreign syllables—but the distance was too great. He raised himself on an elbow to listen, and his flesh crept as he heard a burst of clownish laughter from the record. It seemed to be Shantwell laughing from the grave.

And still Riker couldn't sleep. He lay for hours with tight nerves, and the damp cloying smells of the bush seemed to choke him. And even when he did sleep, the taunt of laughter still rang through his dreams. In the morning his face wore deep lines.

He went directly to the fale which housed the record he'd heard last night. His eyes were bloodshot. "Where the 'ell's that record?" Riker was in a mood to smash it.

But the matai who lived here sensed his temper and refused to produce the record. Riker badgered him, gaining nothing. Instead he lost the good will of the village.

"T'ell with 'em!" Riker raged, and continued his tour through the bush.

At the next settlement he got his hands on seven records and destroyed them all. His luck held till late afternoon, when he stopped in the shade of a breadfruit tree to check his list.

Thirty-one names had been crossed off. Nine customers had held out on him and nine were still to be visited. The bush was sweltering, but Riker forced himself to press on. So long as a single record remained at large he didn't dare stop.

And now Riker heard one playing in the bush ahead of him. He could see a taro patch with a solitary thatched hut by it. But a swampy stream intervened.

Because the record was playing the solo in Italian, Riker cursed it. He tried to plunge across the swamp, but his thick short leg, at the first step, went in knee-deep. In a panic, he drew back to firm ground. Mosquitoes swarmed about him. Riker slapped at them savagely, and then began skirting the swamp to find a crossing.

At last he found one, a precarious series of foot logs. As he jumped from one to another of them his paunchy weight slipped, and this time he went thigh-deep in the slime. He was sixteen stone of bedraggled fury when finally he made the other bank.

He found a phonograph in the thatched hut, but it wasn't playing now. Nor was there any record on its spindle. Only a fat-cheeked boy was there, and Riker barked at him, "Wot'd yer do with that record?" The boy said he didn't know, which inflamed Riker all the more. It was clear the boy had seen the trader coming, and that he'd heard rumors that Riker was out smashing records.

"Orl right," Riker bellowed. "I'll brike yer blarsted 'ead, then." He cracked the cane down on the boy's head, and the boy ran whimpering off through the taro.

Riker then looked under a grass mat and found the record. He crashed it into bits.

☆ THEN, because night was near and he was in a deep dark quarter of the island, Riker hurried on, seeking food and shelter. At nightfall he came to the village of Oama. Installed in the guest fale there, Riker consulted his list and found that six of the records should he here at Oama.

"Wot abort chingin' 'em fer new ones?" Riker said to the high chief.

The chief flicked his ornamental fly switch toward his own phonograph. "I will hear the new ones," he said, "to see if I like them as well."

"I'll fetch 'em around liter," Riker promised.

"Before the next full moon?" the chief asked.

"Wot difference does the time o' moon mike?"

The chief explained that his daughter, the ranking village virgin, would be married at the full moon. There would be great feasts. And there must be music. For such a grand feast, he insisted, all six of the Oama phonographs, at full blast, would be none too many.

Nor would he release a single rec-

PERSONALITIES MAKE NEWS:

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SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL—5¢

ord. Riker argued in vain. And this chief had too much power and dignity, and too many brawny matais, to be thumped over the head with a cane.

"It is all arranged for the full moon," the chief said. "Because it is then that the priest will come from Miramu."

Miramu was a small outlying island of this same group, and there'd always been a mission there. Riker was vaguely aware that its priest came over to Parnurma once a year to baptize infants and officiate at marriages, and generally to bestow upon the people his benedictions. Not being at all religious himself, Riker had paid but scant attention to the thin stooped figure in black cassock and shovel hat.

The chief murmured, "He is a good man—our Father Gianni."

The name disturbed Riker. For a moment he didn't quite realize why. "Wot's that yer called 'im?"

"He is Father Gianni."

Then the full shock of it hit Riker. A man named Gianni, he knew, could hardly be anything but Italian.

☆ IN the fortnight till full moon there were times when Riker all but went berserk. Day after day he ranged the island, desperate to lay a hand on certain tale-telling disks of rubber. Sometimes he begged; sometimes he bullied. Twice he caned a native for denying him, and once he himself was ejected bodily from a village.

The dead line drew nearer. Each night the moon waxed fuller, and he knew that in the fullness of it a priest would come from Miramu. A priest named Father Gianni!

Terror of his coming tore at Riker. He began sleeping in the bush, so that he could stalk certain householders by night. Twice, by vulpine stealth, he slipped into a fale and made off with a record. The third time, dogs chased h'm, slashing at his flesh until he climbed a *fau* tree.

At dawn he stumbled along the beach homeward, with eight of the records still unreclaimed. Six were at the village of Oama, where the big marriage celebration would soon take place, and two were at Savara. Having made both settlements hostile, Riker didn't dare return to either. For at each the chief had threatened to report him to Bantree for disturbing the peace. And Riker couldn't risk any inquiry which might make Bantree send a record off to be translated.

Riker arrived at his store ragged and disheveled. The clerks stared, and he swore at them, discharging them all except Tama. His trade boom would be over in any case, he thought; because this past week he'd made enemies all over the island.

Then he looked out and saw a ship at anchor. Crates of merchandise were going aboard from the Burton-Quilp agency. Riker bathed and changed to fresh whites. Then he went down to ask Miles Winthrop what was doing.

"Orders from the home office," Miles admitted, with a good-natured grimace. "No trade here for the past year, so B.-Q.'s abandoning this station. They sent a ship to transfer all my trade goods to Apia. Which leaves me high and dry without a billet."

"Yer leavin' on this sime boat?" Riker asked.

"No; she's going the wrong way. I'll stick around here until I can hop something headed for California."

Riker returned to his store. He tried to take comfort from this complete victory over Burton-Quilp, but couldn't. For, while it was true that natives would now have no choice than to bring their copra here, the threat of eight outstanding records still hung like a sword over Riker.

Records in Italian, with an Italian priest getting nearer to them every day!

He thought of ambushing Father Gianni from some thicket between the landing and Oama. Dead men neither tell tales nor hear them. He loaded the shotgun. He even picked a spot for the ambush. But when a launch put in with Father Gianni aboard, a hundred natives were on the beach to meet it. Riker saw them throng about the priest and hang leis about his neck, completely obscuring his slight cassocked figure. Then, shouting, chattering, the entire crowd moved along the Oama trail. With a bodyguard like that, Riker knew that an ambush would be impossible.

He knew, too, that in a few hours Father Gianni would be guest of honor at Oama. He would hear that Italian record, inevitably. And so, for Riker, there was nothing left except flight. That ship was still in port and about ready to weigh anchor. Riker could ride it to Apia and from there disappear on some tramp of the seas.

Definitely, it beat being hanged at Port Moresby.

It would mean, though, the sacrifice of the store here. That Yankee Winthrop might want it, since he'd started out on a trader's career. How much, Riker wondered, did Winthrop have in cash?

☆ HE went to the other store to find out. Winthrop was seated on one of the bare counters, puffing at his pipe as he looked sheepishly about him at the empty shelves. His friend Bantree was there to console him.

"See 'ere," Riker said bluntly to Miles Winthrop. "'Ow much'll yer give me fer me tride laiyout? Buildings, merchandise, the 'ole blarsted works?"

With all competition withdrawn, the Riker store should now represent something of a bonanza, so Miles thought he was joking. "What do you think I am, the Bank of England?" he grinned.

"I've got swamp fever," Riker said, and his blotched, harrowed face seemed to bear him out. "So I'm pullin' out on this 'ere boat. And I ain't comin' back. 'Ighest cash bidder gets me plant 'ere."

Miles still thought it was a rib. To respond in kind, he pulled out his wallet. "My total savings are right

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here, Riker—two hundred and sixty-nine pounds."

Riker fixed tired, bloodshot eyes on that wallet. Here was only a crumb, and his store was worth a full loaf. But even a crumb was better than none at all.

"Sold!" he said to Miles Winthrop.

He astonished Winthrop by writing out a bill of sale for all his chattels. Then he signed, and made Bantree notarize the conveyance.

At home, Riker packed his bags, stowing therein the cash from his own till. When he was packed, he went into the main storeroom for a last look around. Was there anything personal he had overlooked? He saw the old number one phonograph on a stand just inside the door. Sight of it brought a flood of anger to Riker's face. He went savagely to it, meaning to pound it into bits.

But, just as his fist was raised, he saw a record on the spindle. The *Vesti la giubba* side of it was up. But how could there be a record here? There'd only been fifty to start with, and forty-two of them were destroyed. Of the remaining eight, Riker knew positively that six were at Oama and two were at Savara.

He called Tama. "Where did yer get this 'ere record?"

Tama pointed to a high shelf near the door. "I dust shelf, find it there," he explained.

Riker stared at this unexplainable record. With the original fifty records accounted for, how could there be a fifty-first?

Then a shocking suspicion broke over him. His mind whipped back to that stormy night when Sol Shantwell had stepped in, unannounced, at this very door. The phonograph had stood just within the entrance.

Suppose that Shantwell had arrived with the fifty-first record in hand! And that only that one had ever been inscribed with the story of Riker's guilt! Suppose that the original fifty records had been exactly what they seemed to be—

All at once Riker saw that the entire picture became clearer and more logical that way. Much easier for Sol to doctor one record than fifty. Much simpler for Sol to bring along a single record at the end of Riker's boom year, to compel a split, than for him to foresee the situation and prepare fifty threats before the year had ever begun.

He could have stepped in, that stormy night, and removed an innocent record from the machine. After tossing it up on that high dusty shelf, had he inserted a substitute on the spindle?

He could then startle Riker with the greeting, "You're getting fat, chum," as though he had just entered.

If true, it meant that all of Riker's panic had been for nothing. He need never have beaten the bush for those fifty records. Most of all, he need never have sold his estate for a mere song to Winthrop.

To prove it or disprove it, Riker gripped the crank and wound the phonograph. When he set the record to revolving, it began singing *Vesti la giubba* in Italian. Riker gave tense attention. If this record was harmless, then all fifty of the original records had been likewise harmless. And Riker would know by the test of his own name.

Near the end he should hear five names—his own, his alias, his victim's, the port of his crime, and his port of hiding.

With heat needles stinging his face, Riker waited to hear them—but they did not come. He heard only the true song of Punchinello. And near the end of it he heard laughter. An agony of laughs with a sob in every tone. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha—

Miles Winthrop, coming up the path to take possession, heard it, too—a bitter, mirthless laughing. Miles knew it came from a record he'd heard often before—and yet, strangely, it didn't end. The ha-ha-ha's kept on.

For where the voice of the record ended, the voice of Riker began.

Miles looked in and saw Riker standing there, and the man was laughing like an obsessed demon. His eyes were blazing coals and a froth flecked his lips. Still laughing, Riker drew a pistol and began shooting at the phonograph. He poured bullets into it, still laughing. And, still laughing, he stumbled out, brushing by Winthrop. Off down the beach marched Riker with empty hands and bare head, laughing, laughing a wild weird chant, like the madness of waves on a reef.

THE END

CROSSWORDS

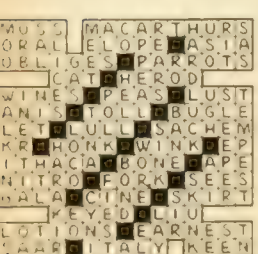
BY LEE PASQUIN

HORIZONTAL

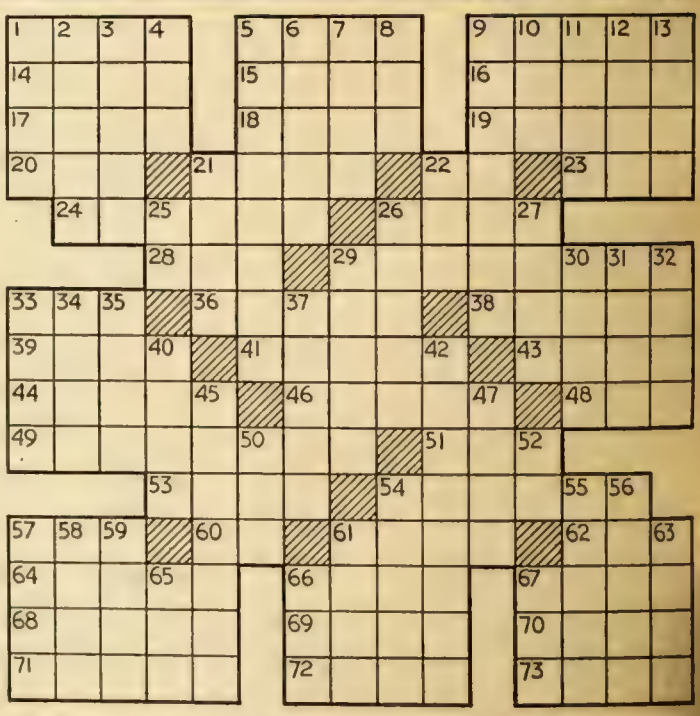
1 Boil slowly
5 Parent (colloq.)
9 Song
14 Healthy
15 At the summit
16 Similar
17 Leave out
18 Part of the face
19 Nut
20 Fit of peevishness
21 Tilt
22 Note of the scale
23 Small perforation
24 Tell
26 Sheepfold
28 Part of to be
29 Upper shell of tortoise
33 Article of furniture
36 General tendency
38 Entangled
39 Greedy
41 Cut
43 System of signals
44 Pale
46 Apportions
48 Knowledge
49 Raised
51 Cut off
53 Among
54 Color
57 Health resort
60 Preposition
61 Barred enclosure
62 Period
64 Removes the center
66 Mountain lion
67 Space of time
68 Genus of plants
69 Encourage
70 Relieve
71 Inventor of dynamite
72 Dell
73 One of the corners of a sail

VERTICAL

1 Store
2 More domesticated
3 Socially elect
4 Moist
5 Sea cow (pl.)
6 Make amends for
7 In greatest degree
8 Animal
9 Chief
10 Beverage
11 Cereal
12 Correct (colloq.)
13 Unaspirated consonant
21 Conveyance
22 Rocky hill
25 Note of the scale
26 Proofreader's mark
27 Narrative poem
29 Depressed with fear
30 Malayan disease
31 Relinquish
32 Paradise
33 Bundle
34 Wicked
35 Low haunt
37 Designated
40 Operatic singer
42 Entrust
45 Girl
47 Painful
50 Metal
52 A mathematical ratio
54 Beast of burden
55 Part of a flower
56 Expunge
57 Regard closely
58 Kind of stilt
59 Street urchin
61 Tropical island
63 Again
65 Night before an event
66 Cushion
67 Dry, as wine



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

MAN TO MAN

Eveready two-battery all-purpose flashlight easily masked for blackout. $1.25.

Wabash blackout bulb, silver-lined, projects downward beam; 25 watts. 45 cents.

Service man's "duffle" bag, full of useful items. Abercrombie & Fitch. $5.

Cigarette and pipe lighter; never flares; glows best in a high wind. 25 cents.

Light Suburban soft boot by U. S. Rubber, worn inside or outside trousers. $3.50.

Prime Minister Churchill carried his blackout stick, with its flashlight fastened below the crook, when he visited the President. Copies cost $6.50.

BY GERALD McCANN

READING TIME • 2 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

☆ COPIES of Winston Churchill's flashlight blackout stick are now available to those of us who want to be prepared for any emergency. The sticks are sold for six fifty by Brooks Brothers, New York, and others. A cigar-shaped flashlight is slipped into a broad loop of leather near the crook where the switch button can easily be pressed by the thumb; a narrow beam is thrown directly on the ground, giving enough light to show a curbstone, the first step of a darkened stairway—places where so many accidents happened during London's first blackouts. The flashlight itself is detachable.

An inexpensive Eveready flashlight has a strong, clear, prefocused beam which can be masked out of doors or used full strength inside. Its two batteries are inexpensive to replace.

Up to the time of writing, government experts have issued no statement on the best color for flashlight "masks." But the latest advice from London, where they've tried all colors, is to paste four or five thicknesses of tissue paper over the lens. Even masked, a flashlight should not be raised above the horizontal.

For a hallway or a garage, where doors may have to be opened during a blackout, a silver-lined bulb, made by Wabash, projects downward a soft beam that will throw no path of light when the door is opened.

The canvas "duffle" bag, nine inches by four (brought out by Abercrombie & Fitch), contains a styptic pencil, an extra package of Gillette blades, dental floss, soap, nail clippers, a first-aid kit, plastic pencil, small notebook, comb and file in a leather case. "Defender's Mender," containing buttons, thread, needles, and safety pins . . . at less than he'd pay for these items if bought separately.

An item which can be bought separately is the lighter. It doesn't produce a naked flame: a small metal tube has a wheel and flint that ignite a chemically impregnated wick. This glows when you blow on it.

Several men who have written me to ask about uniforms for air-raid wardens probably know by now that, because of the need for conserving wool, uniforms are not authorized except in cases where lack of one would impair the efficiency of the service.

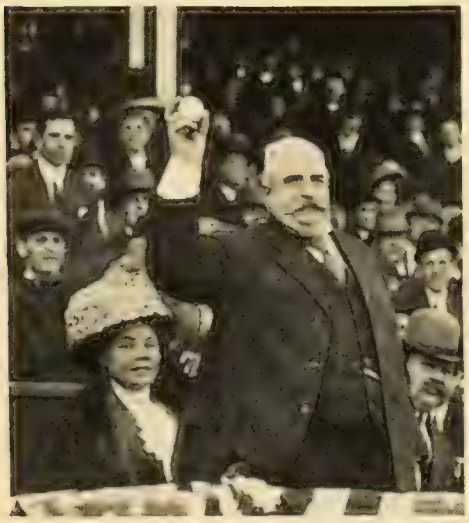
Many stores are grouping ordinary sturdy clothing that business men might not normally possess in special departments. There you can buy luminous arm bands and lapel buttons, Lee's famous overalls, Cooper's long underwear, sheep-lined coats, pile-lined jackets, and wool-mixed socks. These, like the Suburban boot made by U. S. Rubber are necessities when you stop to think that wardens cannot pick their weather. These boots (see photograph) come halfway up the calf, have no fastenings except a strap that permits their being tightened at the top. As good for rain and mud as for snow.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE NEW YORK YANKEES—

Continued from Page 11

The Highlanders sagged that year, finishing sixth, but Chase was a one-man show and the attendance remained good. In 1906 they finished second to the White Sox, but they fell back to fifth in 1907. In 1908 they started well but slipped badly. The attendance dwindled, and Mark Roth wrote in the Globe:

"If it gets any smaller they will have to put fractions on the turnstiles."



Part owner Big Bill Devery opening a season.

Farrell and Devery were at odds with Griffith. In midseason Griff quit, and Norman Elberfeld, the Tobasco Kid, was appointed as manager for the balance of the season. The Kid failed as a leader, and with the opening of the 1909 season George Stallings was in command. The team finished fifth in 1909 and second in 1910, but Stallings wasn't there to see the last game. Tired of quarreling with Farrell and Devery, he walked out and the team was put in Chase's charge. The switch to Chase was disastrous. The Highlanders wound up in sixth place in 1911, and Farrell and Devery, desperate now, reached into the minors for a manager and came up with Harry Wolverton, who had made a reputation with Williamsport in the Tri-State League. Wolverton, wearing a sombrero and smoking long cigars, arrived in New York to the accompaniment of a loud ballyhoo; but he was a flop and the Highlanders ended the 1912 season in last place.

☆ THERE was an even louder beating of the drums in 1913, when Farrell and Devery brought in Frank Chance, the Peerless Leader who had managed the Cubs in the days of their greatest glory. Chance could do little better than Wolverton, however, and the Highlanders could finish no higher than seventh.

By 1914 the club was in a very bad way. Farrell and Devery were snarling at Chance and at each other. Chance was angrily demanding new players. After one furious row with Devery, he stormed into the dugout before a game, grabbed a bat, and chased some of the more hopeless members of the squad out on the field.

Chase took impish delight in Chance's rages and, since Chance was deaf in one ear, amused himself by sitting on Frank's deaf side and mocking him. At last Ed Sweeney, the big catcher, tipped Chance off. Chance seemed about to strangle Chase, but, with great restraint, ordered him to the clubhouse.

"You're through," he said coldly. "I'll get rid of you if I have to give you away."

That's what he practically did, trading him to the White Sox for Rollie Zeider, who, it developed, was crippled by a bunion and was of no use to the team, and Babe Borton, who was a flop at first base. "The Highlanders," Mark Roth wrote, "traded Chase for a bunion and an onion."

The deal widened the breach between Chance and his employers, and one day, undaunted by a group of cops about their former chief, he tried to slug Devery. His friends persuaded him to remain, but he never spoke to Farrell or Devery again.

The partners were now eager to sell. Two friends of McGraw's, Colonel Jacob Ruppert, multimillionaire brewer, and Captain Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, soldier-engineer, bought the club for $460,000. Thus Farrell and Devery, who had made the American League possible in New York, passed from the scene. They continued to quarrel, split up, never could be reconciled—and died broke.

At McGraw's suggestion, Ruppert and Huston abandoned the outmoded hilltop park, moved into the Polo Grounds as tenants of the Giants, and engaged Bill Donovan, who had been a star pitcher in Detroit, as manager. The name "Yankees," suggested by George Herbert Daley, sports editor of the World, was adopted for the team. Mark Roth was hired as road secretary. Still occupying that position, he is one of the two remaining links between the club's present and its dim past, the other being the clubhouse man, Fred Logan.

Donovan refurbished the team. Among the remembered players who, as Yankees, opened at the Polo Grounds in April of 1915 were Roger Peckinpaugh, Wally Pipp, Hughie High, Ray Fisher, Roy Hartzell, Marty McHale, Leslie Nunamaker, Birdie Cree, Fritz Maisel, Ray Caldwell, Jack Warhop, and Ed Sweeney. They were not very good, but at least they were a major-league team and it was certain they would improve. Ruppert took great pride in his ball club. So did Huston, and as they had money to spend and were free with it, they obviously needed only time in which to develop a winner. They labored hopefully through 1915, 1916, and 1917, with the Yankees finishing fifth, fourth, and sixth.

The setback in 1917 resulted indirectly in the first rift between them. They were agreed that Donovan must be replaced. Huston, a colonel and in France as commander of a regiment of engineers in December of 1917, but in constant touch with Ruppert, wanted Wilbert Robinson; but Ruppert rejected Robbie and turned to Ban Johnson for advice. Ban suggested Miller Huggins, then manager of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Huggins was reluctant to talk with Ruppert, but figuratively was spanked into doing so by J. G. Taylor Spink, publisher of the Sporting News. The result was his acceptance of the job. Huston's cabled protests drew sharp replies from Ruppert, and a bitterness was engendered.

☆ UNDER Huggins the Yankees finished fourth in 1918 and third in 1919. By 1919 Huston was back from France, and the improvement of the team on the field was offset by increasing bickering and confusion in the office, so that Huggins' control of the players, on the field and off, was made extremely difficult.

In 1919, too, there came a sharp break between the Yankee owners and Johnson. This grew out of the insubordination of Carl Mays, celebrated underhand pitcher with the Boston Red Sox. Removed from a game in Detroit by Edward Grant Barrow, then manager of the Red Sox, Mays had departed for Boston, announcing that he no longer would play for the Sox. Barrow sent him to the Yankees, obtaining cash and players in exchange. Johnson, suspecting that Mays had deliberately sought the transfer, possibly with the connivance of one club or both, suspended Mays and announced the deal was off. None of his club owners had dared to oppose him up to that

Hal Chase, the famed old-time first baseman.

time, but Ruppert and Huston not only defied him but, overriding their colleagues' horror of the courts, got a permanent injunction restraining him from interfering with the transaction. So Mays became a Yankee.

There was a further development in Boston that was to affect the Yankees even more vitally. Babe Ruth, having switched from the pitcher's box to the

outfield that year, had hit twenty-nine home runs and become a terrific drawing card. Ruppert, Huston, and Huggins wanted the Babe. Harry Frazee, who owned the Red Sox and was in need of money to finance his theatrical enterprises, had asked Ruppert to lend him $500,000. Ruppert countered with an offer for Ruth. The negotiations ended in the sale of the Babe to New York for $100,000 out of the club's till, plus a personal loan of $350,000 by Ruppert to Frazee.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

FALLING THROUGH SPACE, by Richard Hillary.

This is the first of a sort we've been expecting to come along—the account of his experiences by an R. A. F. pilot sufficiently articulate to convey emotional nuances to his readers. Hillary, if it isn't a pseudonym, was a painfully sophisticated Oxford student when he entered combat training. Within a year he had shot down his quota from a Spitfire; been himself rescued, horribly burned, from the Channel; and emerged a vastly different man. Highly recommended! (Reynal & Hitchcock.)

Now the Yankees were ready to roll. There still was a growing coolness between Ruppert and Huston, Huston still was hostile to Huggins, and some of the players, taking advantage of their knowledge of this situation, still were making the Little Miller's life miserable. But Ruth was smashing out home runs—he reached the total of fifty-four in 1920—and roaring crowds were packing the ball parks to see him.

At the end of the season the quibbling owners agreed that what the club needed most was a man who could bring order out of the chaos they had created, and that that man was Ed Barrow, who had been president of the old Atlantic League, manager of the Detroit club, and president of the International League. He had steered the International safely and brilliantly through the war between organized baseball and the Federal League, then had quit his desk to return to the dugout and lead the Red Sox to the world championship in 1918. He accepted the offer made to him by the battling colonels.

A determined Barrow and a dubious Huggins got together. The new business manager assured Huggins that thereafter they would arrange all deals between them.

"Ruppert and Huston may be the owners," Barrow said, "but I'll take the responsibility for whatever trades, purchases, or sales there are to be made. Now, what do you need?"

Huggins, with a sigh of relief, said, "About eight players. But I'll be satisfied with anything I can get."

Barrow acted swiftly. He sent Derril Pratt, Muddy Ruel, Herb Thormahlen, and Sammy Vick to Boston for Harry Harper, Mike McNally, Wally Schang, and Waite Hoyt. To engineer the deal,

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Eyes, round and lustrous, that sparkle at its modest price.

Then you'll lead the cheers for

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If you're the enthusiastic type, who rejoices over fine food and drink, you'll make a red-letter discovery when you first taste Cream of Kentucky. *It's the original "double-rich" Bourbon made by the "dean" of Kentucky distillers.* Say "make mine Cream"—and enjoy the CREAM of Kentucky's finest Bourbons.

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Mickey Rooney Picks a Wife . . .

Mickey Rooney, beloved for his superb characterization of the juvenile Andy Hardy, has picked himself a wife.

The boy whose every teen-age phase you've enjoyed on the screen has grown up in real life and, though it's hard to believe, he's seriously in love.

What kind of a girl has our "smarty-pants" chosen? Is she a cute blonde with a hey-hey good-time air? Who is she? Where did she come from? These questions are flooding Mickey's studios, for it seems that every fan wants to know all about Ava Gardner, the girl who has taken a lease on Mickey's heart.

Has he made a big mistake or a grand choice? It all depends on what *you* think about Ava Gardner after reading "Mickey Rooney Picks A Wife." In the March PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. Complete with pictures of Mickey and Ava, this is a real Hollywood romance.

HEDDA HOPPER PICKS THE "MOST".

Who's the meanest star in Hollywood? Who's the most popular? The most promising? Who's destined to fade out soon? Who's the least popular—and why? In "My Own Super Superlative Awards for 1941" the inimitable Hedda Hopper has listed her own choice of the mosta of the besta and vice versa. This annual Hedda Hopper feature appears in the new March issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. See how it compares with your own personal opinions.

PLUS *These Sparkling Features:*

Garbo Finds Herself ★ You've Got to Believe Me ★ I'm No Cinderella Boy—Robert Stack Speaking ★ Fearless Tells the Truth About Casting ★ Valentines from Benny ★ Strangers in Arms and a host of other entertaining and informative articles and features pertaining to the movies.

PICTURE GALLERY:

The March issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR is a treasure trove of full-color portraits of outstanding stars—James Cagney, Veronica Lake, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Stack, together with the beautiful cover of Bette Davis by Paul Hesse, makes a selection that will delight the heart of every collector.

MARCH ISSUE

Photoplay-Movie Mirror

The Aristocrat of Movie Magazines

Barrow had to use tact. Frazee was on the griddle for having sold Ruth and Mays to the Yankees. When four more Red Sox followed them, Boston fans howled. Barrow had known they would. So had Frazee. But Barrow's determination triumphed over Frazee's fears. On paper, the trade looked fairly even. The Red Sox had acquired a left-handed pitcher, a catcher, an infielder, and a hard-hitting outfielder in return for a left-handed pitcher, a catcher, an infielder, and a young unproven right-hander. Frazee, prompted by Barrow, pointed out to his disgruntled public that Boston had got four regulars, while the Yankees had got only one—Wally Schang. But that wasn't the way the trade panned out. Ruel became a great catcher for Boston; but Pratt was passed on to Detroit, Vick ate his way out of the league, and Thormahlen succumbed to too many base-hit barrages. In New York, Schang continued to hit, Harper won important "spot" games, McNally became invaluable as a utility infielder, and Hoyt turned in nineteen victories, including three in which he did not allow an earned run.

Barrow and Huggins had pulled a ten strike on the first roll, but Ruppert and Huston continued to be vexatious. In 1921 Huggins was so pestered by their visits to his office before and after games that he appealed to Barrow for help. Barrow wrote each of them a letter strongly urging him to stay out of the clubhouse. There was no reply to the letters, but Huggins was not bothered thereafter. At least, not in that way.

The 1921 season marked a turning point in the Yankees' fortunes. When the team gathered at Shreveport, Louisiana, for spring training, there was a curious air of confidence in the camp. Huggins had Ruth for right field and Schang behind the bat. Pipp was a fixture at first base and Peckinpaugh was the shortstop. No one knew then who would fill the other positions. Huggins put Bob Meusel, who had been a third baseman, in left field, worked Aaron Ward at second base with Chick Fewster, and schooled Mike McNally as an understudy for Home-Run Baker at third. Chicken Hawks, a speed demon from the Coast League, was stationed in center. The pitching staff was built on hope rather than on a certainty. Mays and Bob Shawkey were to be the mainstays. The balance of the corps was to be molded from Harper, Jack Quinn, Lefty O'Doul, Rip Collins, Bill Piercy, Hoyt, Tom Sheehan, and a flock of rookies. The squad struggled through two workouts a day, Huggins had little to say, and the players were largely on their own.

Off the field they began availing themselves of all the social opportunities Shreveport afforded. Shawkey, Mays, Hofmann, and Hoyt golfed. Ruth roared through the streets in an Essex, a green job loaned to him by a local dealer and adorned with a sign: BABE RUTH'S ESSEX. Fewster, excused from morning practice because Huggins didn't think he was strong enough for the two-a-day, spent his mornings training a race horse he had bought.

The Yankees moved north mentioned as pennant possibilities, yet not generally considered strong enough to beat out the world champion Cleveland Indians. As a club their deportment left something to be desired, and it was in this year that they unknowingly established themselves as carefree spirits, gaining a reputation for a recklessness that swept all before it.

In the East they were allowed to drive their cars from town to town,

Frank Chance as the Highlanders' manager.

and the Babe made most of the jumps in his twelve-cylinder bullet, which had a cruising speed of ninety miles an hour and could be stepped up to 110. After a midseason game in Washington, he loaded the back seat with Hofmann, O'Doul, and Charlie O'Leary, the coach, and, with Mrs. Ruth up front beside him, set out for Philadelphia. As they swept through Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, O'Leary, clutching his straw hat, said: "This is Herb Pennock's town. We'll soon be in Philadelphia."

A half mile beyond, Ruth saw, to his horror, a sharp curve just ahead, faced with a stone embankment. As he stamped on the brakes, the car screeched, skidded, turned over twice, and came to rest with the wheels to the sky and still spinning. All but O'Leary were pinned beneath the open car, but luckily none was seriously hurt, and they managed to crawl free. Ruth found O'Leary lying face down on the road. Kneeling beside the unconscious coach, he prayed: "Don't take Charlie, Lord. Take me instead."

O'Leary stirred.

"Charlie!" Babe pleaded. "Speak to me."

O'Leary suddenly sat up. "Hey!" he yelled. "What the hell happened to my straw hat?"

A rumor, quickly spreading, hit the headlines:

BABE RUTH KILLED IN AUTO WRECK!

But a little thing like an accident

never bothered the Babe. That afternoon he hit a homer off Scott Perry at Shibe Park.

In contrast to the schoolroom behavior which Huggins later imposed on the bench warmers, the 1921 dugout was a riot. One afternoon O'Doul was toying with the lever on the water cooler. At a tense moment in the game his thumb slipped and the water fanned Huggins from head to foot. Huggins rasped at him:

"You've got the body of a man, the brain of a child, and the arm of a wild man! Go sit at the other end of the bench!"

The grinning O'Doul, not at all abashed, answered in a soprano falsetto:

"All right, teacher. I'll go to the head of the class."

The wonder was that the Yanks made any progress at all. That they did was due to the fact that their urge to win was even stronger than their impulse to cut capers. By September they were in front and talking of a pennant. Mays was having a great year. Ruth was clouting the ball —fifty-nine homers that season. Murderers' Row—Pipp, Ruth, Meusel, Baker, and Schang—had come into being.

The team swung into the homestretch grimly determined to win the first pennant in Yankee history.

Perhaps the most crucial game ever played by the Yankees took place late in September on the Polo Grounds. They were leading Cleveland by little more than half a game as the Indians piled into town for a four-game series. The night before the first game the tension was terrific. The Giants were winning in the National League, and the possibility that the two teams, playing in the same park and bidding for the favor of the same fans, might meet in the World Series was almost too much to dream about.

That night three Yankee players didn't dream. They could scarcely sleep.

Shawkey, Hoyt, and Hofmann shared an apartment on Riverside Drive, and at two thirty in the morning Hoyt, who was to pitch the opening game, got up, went to the kitchen, and fixed a bowl of cereal. To his surprise, he was joined a few minutes later by Hofmann and then by Shawkey. For more than an hour the three sat at the kitchen table discussing their chances, going over and over again the way to pitch to the Cleveland hitters. It was nearly four o'clock when Shawkey said:

"Well, I guess we'd better get some sleep."

But by nine they were up and by ten they were at the Polo Grounds—two hours ahead of the required time for reporting. The Yankees won the opening game, 4 to 2. They won the second, with Mays pitching. Cleveland won the third, running up a big score as the Yankees cracked wide open.

Early in the afternoon of the fourth day a feeling of apprehension gripped the players as they gathered in the clubhouse. They realized what this game meant to them. If they won it, the pennant virtually was theirs. If they lost it—!

They didn't like to think about that, but they had to. Their pitching staff was shot.

Huggins paced up and down, the players watching him closely. His confidence shaken by Ruppert's nervousness and Huston's open hostility, he was unable to decide on his pitcher for this vital game. Suddenly he stopped.

"I want the regular pitchers to stay here," he said. "The rest of the players are to go on the field."

When he was alone with the pitchers, he said:

"Fellows, I'm up against it. I don't know who to pitch. Hoyt pitched the first game, Mays the second—and we used everybody else yesterday but Quinn, here. Jack hasn't pitched for three weeks, but he did shut the Indians out in Cleveland. I can use him—or I can use Hoyt, who has had only two days of rest."

He paused and looked from one to another. And then:

"What do you fellows think I should do? I'll leave it up to you."

What came of that? A decision to pitch Quinn—who was to be knocked out of the box in the first, and replaced with (don't look now) Waite Hoyt! Even if you were there and remember that game well, next week's installment will bring you back the thrills of it . . . and will tell you of the World Series, the stormy season of '22, and Lou Gehrig's advent.

Yankee Stadium's bleachers as the '41 World Series opened. Some of these fans were predicting, "Dem Dodger Bums'll moider 'em!"

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When a darling of Broadway makes a left turn and a jungle adventure meets her face to face. . . What is one supposed to do?

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

☆ ELIZABETH DARE, night-club and musical-comedy singer, and Rodney Monroe, handsome young ornithologist, fall in love, although neither wants to. Rodney's greatest ambition is to go on a field trip to the tropics, and Elizabeth, believing that he may be willing to settle down after it is over, persuades Andrew Blaine, who handles her affairs, to finance the expedition. She, in the meantime, plans to act in a new show while Rodney is gone. But her love proves too strong. She marries him, discovers she will be miserable if they are parted, and decides, against her better judgment, to go with him on the trip. With Dr. and Mrs. Guerber—two German refugee scientists—Rodney's friend Charles, and three other men, they sail for Central America.

PART FOUR—LIFE BEGINS AT THE CASA PARAISO

☆ THE port of Santa Rosa was typical of a dozen others along the coast south of Manzanillo, which is in Mexico, and north of Panama—and it was only a little worse than most of them. It presented a strip of scraggy water front with palm trees all askew; a huddle of corrugated iron shacks which were warehouses at the shoreward end of a rickety pier on stilts; a muddle of thatched dobe huts, crawling with unclothed children, poultry, and pigs. Behind the town rose the jungle-clad slope of the inevitable volcano, with the inevitable smoke cloud above it.

From the water front you traversed an unsavory stifling alley where starveling dogs elbowed the big black vultures for garbage on the local dumping ground, and thus you came to the broad Avenida and the grass-grown cobbles and tipsy lampposts of the Plaza. Here the palms and purple bougainvillaea in the Parque round the gimcrack bandstand were powdered with the same fine volcanic dust which stirred at every footfall. Here the white plaster façade of the mission church on one side faced the police station and the Hotel Europa on the other. The flat-fronted houses, seldom more than one story high because of earthquakes, and pock-marked with bullet holes from some forgotten revolution, cast no shade in the midafternoon heat.

There was no American consul, and not even an International Club. The nearest fruit-company hospital was nine miles away, at Santo Tomas. The theater was closed up tight, recognizable by a couple of tattered posters from the last show, long since departed. The only entertainment now was the Sunday-night Plaza concert and parade.

Mr. Phipps, agent of the fruit company at Santo Tomas, had come down to meet them and turn over possession of the house which Andrew had arranged for Rodney's expedition to occupy. He was a small, wilted, anxious man, obviously awed by his responsibilities. The unexpected sight of Liz Dare, exquisite in white silk and a wide hat, carrying a practical but decorative parasol, completely floored him. You could see his mind conducting a frantic inventory of the house she was to live in, and finding very little to comfort him.

Under Mr. Phipps' diffident guidance they went straight from the dock to the Hotel Europa with their hand luggage, and Rodney ordered dinner and a night's lodging for them all. The hotel was a square white building with little iron balconies outside the windows on the second or top floor, and a large well tended patio full of flowers. On the way to it, the cobbles under Elizabeth's white-shod feet, the walls of the houses on either side, shimmered and swayed before her eyes in the fierce heat of a tropic afternoon. There was a trickle of perspiration between her shoulder blades, and a soaking strip two inches wide beneath her belt. Of all the party only Charles and Rodney seemed unimpaired; seemed, in fact, not to notice anything unusual in the temperature. Elizabeth decided Rodney looked as though he had been born in white ducks and a solar topee.

When the arrangements had been made at the hotel, Mr. Phipps put Rodney, Charles, and Elizabeth into a dilapidated touring car, and drove them along the rutted road which led from the Avenida up the side of the hill behind the town to the Casa Paraiso.

It was a little-used road, as not much lay beyond the house except a few native farms and a huddle or two of thatched huts claiming to be villages. But as the car climbed, the staggering beauty of the tropics set in. Bougainvillaea, flamboyant lilies and scented jasmine were lively with hummingbirds and the lazy beat of butterfly wings. There were breadfruit and calabash trees, and the strange spiky beauty of papaws. Macaws and parakeets, which one had never thought of as flying free, looked down complacently from the trees they called home. And the air grew perceptibly cooler as they climbed, for the house was knowingly placed at the upper boundary of the acres it commanded.

The Casa Paraiso had been built some years ago by an enterprising American who sank a fortune in his belief that there was a much larger fortune to be made by growing bananas and cacao. Came the blight, and the bananas all died, and the cacao showed no profit. So one day he simply left his hacienda Paradise, and took the northbound boat back to the States, and died soon after he got there, as much of a broken heart as anything else. His estate, to which there were no longer any heirs, and which he had placed in Andrew's hands, by that time consisted solely of the derelict Casa Paraiso, with its solid mahogany doors and partitions,

FROM THIS DAY Forward

BY ELSWYTH THANE

Sometimes in the evenings Rodney would get out the accordion and Elizabeth would sing.

its tiled floors, its deep-set grilled windows looking out above the ravaged acres of banana plants which covered the slope below, its spacious high-ceilinged rooms, most of them still only half furnished, and its overgrown patio.

Mr. Phipps, who had been his admiring friend, was both excited and dismayed to receive the letter from Andrew requesting that the Casa Paraiso be opened, cleaned, and put in order for the use of Dr. Monroe and a party of seven, who would bring their own bedding and supplies. The letter asked also that servants be found and recommended on Dr. Monroe's arrival.

Mr. Phipps had found it saddening to enter the house again and see the wreck it had become. But in pursuit of his instructions from New York, he scrupulously supervised and harangued and criticized while a couple of Indian women, aided by an aged Negro foreman who had never left the place, turned it out room by room, swept up the fallen plaster, let in the hot dry-season air, and shook their heads over the marks of mold and insect life on its furnishings. Things literally came apart in their hands. But the house itself stood firm, and was soon made weatherproof again, its cooking stove in repair, its laundry ready to function, its water supply tested and approved.

Beyond the garage and stables, which surrounded a small patio of their own, the road petered out immediately into a mere mule track which wound away upward, past the ruins of an ancient dobe village which had been destroyed by an earthquake in 1892. The car passed through an open gate with carved mahogany doors heavy enough to withstand a siege, in a white archway dripping luxuriant bougainvillaea. Elizabeth stepped out rather limply, and Charles, just behind her, said, "I'm going to like this!"

Then the two Indian women, comely, with innocent, sleepy eyes, dressed in new brightly colored shapeless clothes, presented themselves shyly as the señora's staff. The señora smiled her best at them, and they smiled back at her reverently, for they had never seen anything so beautiful in their lives, unless it was the Madonna in her festival robes

Carmela was a very good cook, Mr Phipps was explaining, and Antonina would "assist." He added that there was also a Negro, remnant of the grand banana days, a gaunt great man from Jamaica, no longer quite right in the head perhaps, but entirely gentle and possessed still of remarkable strength. He lived in one of the deserted workmen's huts down the

slope, and cultivated his own garden patch, which fed him. Mr. Phipps suggested that the old black would be useful to clear the patio and make it bloom again, if that were desired, and anyway, he was able to lift and carry. His name? Every one had forgotten. He answered now just to Jamaica. Rodney said that he would like to see the man, and Antonina was sent to fetch him.

The colonnade of the patio had a red-tiled roof supported by mahogany posts at the outer edge of its tiled floor. The strangled fountain in the center of the large unroofed part was shallow and tazza-shaped, with a raised curb. Once there had been some sort of pattern, with tiled paths and a lawn with a graceful iron bench shaded by a pepper tree. Now giant geraniums, magnolia, outsize ferns, unpruned rosebushes, jasmine, tuberoses, and unbelievable wild orchids climbed and rambled and overhung. Little orange and cypress and fig trees, once formalized, had outgrown their pottery urns, cracking the sides wide open with the thrust and bulge of their confined roots. It was an orgy of crowding, untrammeled tropical fruition.

☆ "WELL!" said Elizabeth, as they stood surveying it all from the shadow of the colonnade. "It looks exactly like Hollywood's idea of what a neglected patio would look like!" And then she took a surprised step backward as Antonina reappeared with the Negro known as Jamaica.

He was clad in a dirty loincloth, a wide sombrero, and a friendly unembarrassed smile. He was as tall as Rodney, and had magnificent shoulders, and he met your eye with a simple dignity all his own. Rodney looked him over and said in his casual, unemphatic way:

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir."

"I hear you're something of a gardener," Rodney suggested.

"Formerly I was, in the old days," said Jamaica slowly, as though his English speech came rustily, its original soft British modulations intact. "Anything from orchids to bananas—I used to have what you might call a way with them, sir."

"Do you think anything can be done for the patio now?" Rodney inquired, and it was plain that in those few brief moments he had made up his mind about the man.

Jamaica surveyed the dusty rambling vegetation sadly, seeing the patio as it once had been.

"Well, sir, some one needs to take a machete to it first of all," he said thoughtfully. "But there is still a good deal here that is worth saving."

"Suppose I put you in charge," said Rodney. "Do you want to take it on?"

The old Negro looked at him with incredulous gratitude but no servility.

"Are you giving me a job, sir?"

"That's right—head gardener. It looks like a lot of work, but it's all yours."

"Thank you, sir." Jamaica straightened, took on a visible inch of self-respect. "I—never thought to have a job again, sir."

"Well, go to it. You've got one now!" said Rodney cheerfully. "There must be some tools somewhere. Let me know what else you need."

"I know where—thank you, sir—I know where the tools used to be kept in the old days—" His forefinger rose vaguely to the brim of his hat and he turned away toward the kitchen end of the patio, like a man walking in his sleep.

They had already decided that owing to customs and transportation difficulties, and to the quick tropical nightfall, there was no possibility of sleeping that night at the Casa Paraiso. It was nearly dinnertime when they arrived back at the hotel.

The rest of the party was assembled under the rhythmic creak of a large ceiling fan in the bar, along with Mr. Phipps, whom Rodney had invited to join them at dinner. A fairly unanimous vote was cast for Tom Collinses. The drinks, when they arrived after a slight delay, were something less than they might have been, owing to a breakdown of the ice machine in the hotel, but everybody drank them thirstily in the devitalizing heat, while a coppery sun slid down the sky toward a slick heaving sea.

Mr. Phipps seemed restless. Two or three times he rose, glass in hand, and drifted to the door or the window which looked on the baking Plaza, and then drifted back. After one of these excursions he nodded silently at Sturgis, who said cheerfully, "Well, perhaps you're right," and mopped himself, and then found Rodney's eyes upon him and began to tell a rather pointless story about a man he had last seen in Panama.

☆ THERE wasn't a fan in the dining room, only flies. The tablecloth was spotted and the silverware a little slimy. There were two bamboo bird cages with a dejected, mangy-looking mockingbird sulking in each. The waiter wore his shirt outside, and no shoes, and shone with sweat as he bustled to and fro in his touching zeal to serve them.

Elizabeth, who would have sold her soul by now for a cold lettuce-clad American fruit salad, worked away conscientiously at the greasy plate full of chicken and rice and red peppers before her.

While they were drinking the thick black coffee sweetened with brown sugar, a dull rumbling began somewhere back of beyond.

"Thunder!" said Elizabeth, listening.

"Here we go again!" said Mr. Phipps simultaneously, and pushed back his chair.

"Is it *really?*" cried Frank, looking excited and pleased, for the coffee cups had shivered in the saucers on the table, and in the kitchen something fell and broke.

The Guerbers were on their feet. Skinner's chair went over backward as he rose. Rodney's hand closed hard on Elizabeth's wrist as he too rose, pulling her up at the same time.

"Come on," he said briefly. "Earthquake."

"*Earthquake!*" she repeated on an incredulous squeak.

"Now, don't get scared; they have them all the time here. You just run out into the open till it's over."

The rumbling was considerably louder as they emerged into the Plaza. There was a rending sound along with it, two sharp reports like distant blowouts, and then a bumping from underneath as though a cosmic trunk was going down a staircase in hell.

☆ ELIZABETH stumbled sharply on the cobbles and caught at Rodney's arm, and her knees were wobbly and her tongue was dry. Some tiles rattled off a roof across the Plaza and she knew by her dizziness that the ground beneath her moved, not all in one piece like the deck of a ship, but heavingly, like something live disturbed in its sleep.

"R-Rodney!"

"It won't last long," he said soothingly.

From the buildings all round the Plaza people were trickling out, looking up at the volcano and calling to one another. The air was dusty and had an acrid taste. There was a sullen red glow in the sky from the volcano above the town.

"There's the padre," said Rodney. "Let's go and speak to him."

Coming across the Plaza toward them was the priest—an enormous man, with a front too impressive to be called a stomach. A ragged child trotted beside him, holding to his cassock. With a single shrewd glance at Rodney, who was just then passing under a lamppost, the priest changed his course and sang out a cheery good evening in English, and extended a cordial hand.

"I am Father Joseph," he continued, as though there was nothing at all unusual in the circumstances which surrounded their meeting. "I presume you are of the Casa Paraiso party?"

"My name is Monroe," said Rodney, in the same key, shaking hands. "This is my wife. It's her first earthquake," he added.

"Good evening, señora." The priest turned merry eyes full of understanding on Elizabeth. "It is alarming at first, I know. But we get used to it down here."

As he spoke, the ground grumbled again and tiles fell with a crash from the roof of the hotel behind them. Somewhere a woman screamed. Then, with no further warning, all the lights went out.

"Oh-oh," said Rodney calmly in the eerie darkness which somehow tasted more strongly now of brimstone. "There goes the power plant!"

"Always!" the priest's rich voice replied without apparent concern. "On the slightest excuse our electricity breaks down!" The ground was rocking again under their feet, and the child whimpered in the dark, and the priest spoke to it reassuringly in

Spanish. "This shock *is* more severe than usual. I shall have injuries to deal with, I am afraid. People lose their heads," he regretted. "They run into things, they *invite* disaster! And then they come to me to be mended."

"If you need any help with your first aid, let me know," said Rodney, and Elizabeth, pressed against his side with his quiet fingers holding hers, marveled again at how he took things in his stride, at how nothing startled or upset him. "My kit is not unpacked yet, but I might be of some use myself, and I have an experienced nurse with me as well."

"Always scalp wounds and smashed toes and a few broken bones," sighed the priest. "There is a doctor in town, of course—a very competent doctor, trained in the States—but the people come to me instead of to him. For one thing, they are used to me—and for another, I do not charge them anything! I think the worst is over now, but there may be some confusion at the hotel, at least till the lights come on again. If you and your wife would care to come along to my house—just there by the church—I can give the señora a chair and some candles, at least!"

"Thank you," said Rodney. "Charles!"

"Yep, I'm here," said Charles' voice out of the blackness.

"Go dig out some flashlights. There's one in the briefcase up in my room. We're going down to the dock. Where's Mrs. Guerber?"

"I'm here, doctor."

"I want you and Liz to go over to the padre's house for a while. Perhaps you can help him if there's any one hurt. The rest of us are going down to see to the stuff, in case there's a wave."

"Yes, doctor." Mrs. Guerber materialized beside them.

"But, R-Rodney—" implored Elizabeth, holding to him.

"I won't be long," he said, detaching her fingers. "It's all right now. You stick to the padre till I get back. Come on, Charles—"

Rodney was gone from her, enveloped at once in the thick dark.

"There's Maria, watching for us," said the priest, and looking toward the white glimmer of the church, Elizabeth saw a light in the doorway to the left of it, where an old Indian woman stood holding a candle stub and peering out, the tiny flame flickering behind her shielding fingers. "She has no fear for herself, but always she is frightened lest something will have dropped on me!" the priest continued with amusement.

☆ ELIZABETH sat in the padre's little parlor, sipping a glass of his excellent wine and listening while he and Mrs. Guerber reminisced about earthquakes they had known. Then a few casualties began to arrive.

Kettles of hot water were brought by Maria, and more candles for a better light; rolls of bandages and absorbent cotton appeared, there was a strong smell of antiseptic, a baby cried and cried. Mrs. Guerber, on her knees on the sheet which Maria had spread over the floor, was silent and efficient, bathing, stitching, soothing, behaving exactly as though she wore a starched white uniform. Elizabeth, sitting useless and forgotten in a corner, had grown a large inferiority complex—for if she offered to help she would only be waved aside, as she knew very well—when she became aware of a pair of eyes which regarded her steadily from the floor near her feet.

A scrawny little Indian boy of perhaps ten, with a fresh white bandage at a somewhat rakish angle round his head, was squatted there, gazing up at her.

"Hullo," she said, and smiled at him.

The boy smiled back.

"What's your name?" she asked, grateful for some one who did not appear to regard her as beneath contempt.

The child murmured something in Spanish and was then overcome by shyness.

"I'm Liz," she continued informally. "Who are you? Come over here by me." She held out her hand, and the boy rose and approached her warily. "Liz," she repeated, pointing to herself. "You say it. *Liz.*"

"Leess," said the boy at a venture, and giggled apologetically.

"That's it! Now tell me *your* name," she pleaded.

He murmured something, his eyes

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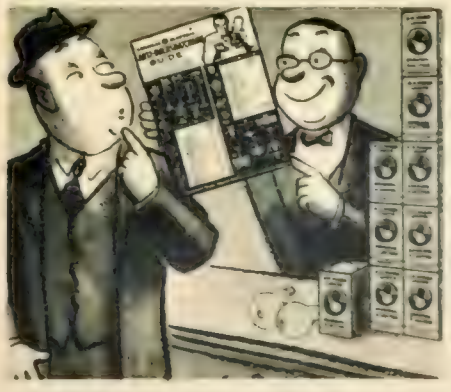

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caught by the flash of the big aquamarine on her third finger. She let him look at it, and he touched it timidly with one grubby fingertip and smiled up into her face. Elizabeth fished about in her white leather handbag and pulled out a tiny smelling-salts bottle of cut crystal with a gold top. She unscrewed the cap and held the bottle under her own nose, sniffed, and made a funny face. Then she held it under his nose and they laughed together when he too sniffed and made a very funny face. She put the cap back on, and laid the bottle in his hand.

"You can have that," she said. "Just to remember me by. Don't lose it, now!"

Stupefied with delight, he fumbled again at the cap, and she showed him how it worked, and again they sniffed, and laughed together.

There was the sound of a woman's sobbing at the door, and Elizabeth turned quickly. Rodney stood there, holding the limp body of a two-year-old child in his arms. His coat was gone. His white trousers and shirt, even his face, were smeared with dirt and ashes, and bloodstains showed where the child lay against him. The sobbing came from a barefoot woman in a bright ragged dress at his side. Blood trickled from a cut at the edge of her black hair, and she held the wrist of her right arm in the other hand. But it was not from pain that she wept but for the child.

Mrs. Guerber went to Rodney and held out capable hands for the thing he carried.

"The child is dead," he said without moving. "Father, this is for you. The woman's arm is broken, and nobody seems to know where the doctor is. There's been quite a fire down on the water front."

Father Joseph took the child's body and spoke in Spanish to the sobbing mother. She followed him from the room.

Rodney looked about him then rather wearily.

"Hullo," he said to Elizabeth, and his eyes went on past her to Mrs. Guerber, who was tidying up, with Maria's assistance. Most of the injured had gone home, though one or two still sat about as though waiting for something. "Things are better down there now," he said. "Fortunately the wave didn't amount to much. Charles and the rest are still grubbing round. Our stuff's all right. Can I do anything?"

"We are nearly finished here," said Mrs. Guerber. "There was nothing very bad."

Rodney looked back at Elizabeth.

"Who's your small friend?" he asked, and smiled at the boy who still stood close beside her clutching the smelling-salts bottle.

"Ask him his name, Rodney. I can't make him understand. He's sweet. Can't we do something for him?"

There was an interchange of soft Spanish between Rodney and the bashful little boy.

"His name is Vicente," Rodney said. "And he has fallen in love with you. But you know that already. I don't have to tell you."

Elizabeth was at once acutely conscious of Mrs. Guerber's unhumorous presence, and wished he hadn't said it.

Charles arrived then, to say that everything was under control and the others had gone back to the hotel to wash up. So far as he knew, only the child had been killed. And even as he made his comforting report, the electric lights suddenly came on again with an effect of restoring everything to normal.

Elizabeth sat quietly, feeling as though a nightmare was over. An earthquake, her first, had come and gone. Because of it, she had acquired a new caballero named Vicente, Rodney and Charles had each ruined a suit of clothes, and somewhere a woman still wept for a dead child. And yet here they all were, sitting in a tidy room, electric-lighted, exactly as though nothing out of the way had occurred —not even talking about earthquakes any more. It was like waking from a bad dream, yes—but this dream was real and could happen again.

☆ ELIZABETH was wakened from exhausted unconsciousness early the next morning by Rodney's voice as he bent over her and laid his lips against her cheek.

"Up," he said softly. "This is our busy day. I'm going down to the dock now with Charles and get things un-

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der way. You be ready for breakfast when I get back."

She stirred drowsily and locked her arms behind his neck so that his weight eased down on the edge of the bed. He was all shaved and brushed and dressed and ready for the street, and as usual he had done it without any bustle or banging about.

"What time is it?" she asked vaguely.

"I hate to tell you. But if you want to get out of here before it turns really hot you'd better get a move on."

"I dreamed there was an earthquake."

"That makes two. We had one before we went to bed." Her eyes came open then, and she regarded him dazedly, remembering.

"Will there be earthquakes up at Casa Paraiso?"

"Little ones, I expect, now and then. Maybe not another for months. You never can tell." He kissed her lightly and started to rise, but her arms pinioned him.

"How long will you be away?"

"Till breakfast." There was no dalliance in him this morning. He removed her arms gently from behind his neck. "Don't you dare go back to sleep again!"

The door closed behind him and his sun helmet and his smile.

Perhaps he was going to be a little less enchanting, a little more like other men, when he was bossing a trip, she thought, as she got up. Oh, well—margin for error. Not even Rodney could be perfect all the time, three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

☆ THE house itself was really lovely, with its hooded fireplaces, its delicate grilles at all the windows cutting a sharp pattern of shadow on walls and floors in the bright sunlight, and its colored tiles everywhere, even in the risers of the wide steps which placed the rooms on different levels. What had been the *sala* would be the laboratory, furnished with the knockdown deal tables and folding camp chairs and carpentered shelves of field work. A smaller room, intended by the builder for the library, would be used as a sitting room and library combined.

The bedrooms were in a row along the most decorative side of the patio, each opening on to it with a tall slatted door, each with a high grilled window in the opposite wall. Rodney and Elizabeth had the big one in the corner next to the *sala* and the bathroom, then came Charles and Sturgis, then Frank and Skinner, and the Guerbers at the far end. Some of the fine mahogany four-post beds already in the rooms proved to be usable, and were shifted about, two to a room. There were great carved wardrobes and chests of drawers in the rooms as well. Even the straight chairs were heavy and beautiful in shining mahogany.

By assembling the furniture scattered throughout the house, there was plenty for the use of eight people, and the dining room, apparently finished first, was full of stateliness and charm in the old Spanish style.

☆ WORK was begun. Life moved at a measured pace. The long hot days slid by into long nights brilliant with stars. Sometimes in the evenings Rodney would get out the accordion and Elizabeth would sing—their repertoire was large and varied, old songs, new songs, French songs, Spanish songs—almost anything their spellbound audience demanded of them. Sometimes Rodney's instrument would slide into a Strauss waltz. "Dance, Liz," he would command softly, and she would step out into the middle of the room in one of her little white silk frocks which left her slim arms bare and ended just below her knees, and dance for them a simple improvisation in waltz time.

Sometimes Rodney was broody and preoccupied, sometimes he was, for no traceable reason, more rollicking than she had ever seen him. Once on a scented moonlight night as they strolled about the patio he kissed her, out of sheer exuberance, long and hard. And Mrs. Guerber, who was on her way to the bathroom in a dressing gown and slippers, saw, and Rodney swore under his breath, and never kissed Elizabeth in the patio again, moon or no moon. But always she was aware that he lived in a deep, abiding happiness which had nothing to do with her—at least, she alone had never been able to create it for him. Rodney enjoyed every minute of his days and nights, breathed in satisfaction with the tropic air, absorbed some nameless delight through his very pores. Charles was the same. And in a newer, more excited way, so was Frank.

Elizabeth, gingerly sampling what was to her an entirely gratuitous experience, failed to become an addict. On the contrary, she began surreptitiously to mark off on a hidden calendar the slow march of days toward the time of their departure from the Casa Paraiso. Meanwhile she occupied herself conscientiously, striving never to seem idle or bored, and accepting gratefully the time Rodney spared for her whenever he thought about it.

Elizabeth didn't know, and nobody was going to tell her, that the parent harpy eagle has a wing spread of about seven feet, and its claws are twice as large and powerful as those of any other bird of prey. It nests in the tallest trees of the jungle forest, or on rock ledges on the more inaccessible cliffs. It objects, naturally, to having its nest and its young disturbed.

To reach them, if one is not an eagle oneself, one ought to be half Indian and half Chasseur Alpin. Rodney was depending largely on ropes, balance, tenacity, and luck, with racing goggles to protect his eyes. It was a nice tough assignment, and even if they got the fledglings down safely there was the so far unsolved problem of diet and exercise in captivity. That was where Sturgis came in.

Besides the trips Rodney made out into the jungle with Charles and a guide, on horseback, he sometimes went into Santa Rosa in the ramshackle touring car on mail days or to send a cable. Once Elizabeth went along to see the Sunday-night parade in the Plaza while the band played. Mr. Phipps came over by bus from Santo Tomas to have dinner with them, and then they all joined the strolling populace in the counter-clockwise stream round the bandstand where the marimbas twanged exquisite rhythms sadly.

Elizabeth lagged and stopped at the edge of the stream. Rodney glanced back over his shoulder and saw that she was standing beside two little boys at the curb. Their bare brown feet were executing an odd formal dance step on the cobbles. Elizabeth watched, her dancer's heart keeping time, though her narrow white-shod feet were still.

One of the little boys was Vicente. The other, a year smaller, was his brother Amadeo, and Amadeo sang the words of the song softly to himself as he danced. The marimbas stopped, and so the dance stopped too, and Vicente smiled up at her. The music began again at once, but Vicente stood still, smiling at his angel, who spoke to him in a language he could not understand.

Rodney turned back.

"What's this?" he inquired gently. "Dancing lessons?"

"Oh, Rodney, please ask him to do it again! I must learn that step; it's wonderful and very tricky!"

Rodney requested an encore, and Vicente and his brother, with a murmured comment, went again into their dance.

"He says this is a different one," Rodney explained.

Elizabeth's eyes followed the bare brown feet. Slowly her own feet began to shift, ever so little, with his, and she was humming.

"Listen to it," she implored Rodney. "Listen hard! You can pick these up on the accordion. Maybe we can write them down. This is the real stuff, Rodney. I'd like to take it back with me."

"O. K., let's buy Vicente," he said, falling in at once with the idea.

☆ AND this, in a manner of speaking, was done. When they returned to the Casa Paraiso, Vicente and Amadeo were in the front seat beside Pedro, both looking a little overdressed in new blue-and-white-striped overalls. Between them was their father's ancient guitar with which he had courted their mother.

Amadeo took after his father, who was in the band. Amadeo could play chords on a guitar to accompany his crooning songs, and his memory for endless repetitious verses was infallible. Their mother was only too pleased that they should emigrate for a time to the Casa Paraiso household, as she had had four more sons since Amadeo, and another baby was on the way.

Nominally, Vicente and Amadeo were to be assistant gardeners under orders to Jamaica. But much of the time their tools lay idle while on the shady side of the patio they patiently went over their steps for the señora, and Amadeo repeated to her all the verses he knew, while she learned them blindly by rote.

Came a great day when Rodney brought out his accordion and gave his attention to catching Amadeo's tunes as Elizabeth sang them to him in her funny parrot Spanish, which caused him (and Amadeo) considerable amusement. But once in the middle of a song he suddenly stopped everything.

"Hey-hey-hey!" he said, looking alarmed. "Don't sing that to anybody who knows Spanish!" And he spoke severely to Amadeo, who hung his head and grinned.

"What's the matter?" demanded Elizabeth, poised to go on.

"They're not seemly words," said Rodney, and laughter lurked behind his eyes. "This wants looking into!"

Thereafter Amadeo sang him all the songs straight through, and when the words wouldn't do, Rodney substituted new ones which would.

Andrew had presented her with a small kodak and a supply of films when she left New York. "It's so simple, she can't possibly go wrong with it," Andrew had said to Rodney with that slightly patronizing air they adopted toward her when they were together, as though (much as they loved her) she was a little half-witted. Therefore it was pretty exciting when Charles developed the first roll, and there were actually pictures on it that she had taken herself. Proudly she mailed prints to Andrew and set about taking more.

Andrew had often spoken of Mayan remains, which he took an interest in, and she now found herself in their vicinity. Well, that was something. So when Dr. Guerber reported one day at lunch that there was what appeared to be a calendar stone in fair condition only a hundred yards up the mule track beyond the house, and much less than that distance into the jungle on the left, Elizabeth was at once ambitious to photograph it for Andrew. Dr. Guerber said he had driven a stick into the ground beside the track to mark where you turned off. He said he would be pleased to show her the stone whenever she wanted to take its picture, and she thanked him, with Mrs. Guerber's opaque eyes upon them, and made up her mind to slip off that afternoon when he wasn't looking, and avoid complications.

She found the stick, upright at the edge of the track, and went left into the undergrowth, with a wary eye for snakes. It was the first time she had ever been so far from the house alone, and she felt very adventurous. She would say nothing about the picture of the stone until Charles developed the roll, and then they would all see, with surprise, that she had been out by herself and got it, without a word to anybody.

She came suddenly upon the stone, rising above a tangle of ferns and creepers. Close beside it stood one of the moth-eaten little undersized local horses, its bridle trailing. And on the ground, half hidden in the fern, lay an unpleasant-looking man of very mixed blood with a revolver in his hand, and it was pointed toward her.

Elizabeth stopped dead and went cold. The man's face relaxed into a grin, and he said something in Spanish and got to his feet and swept off his hat in a wide gesture of gallantry which nearly overbalanced him, and she saw then that as well as being ragged and dirty and unshaven and massively built, he was very drunk. She began to back away from him toward where she had left the track, and he said something more and tucked the gun into its holster and advanced upon her with what were obviously the friendliest feelings in the world. Elizabeth screamed once and her hand flew up instinctively to her mouth. As it did so, his eyes caught the flash of the big aquamarine on her third finger.

His face changed again and he reached for her.

Will Elizabeth's scream carry to the house? Will help come in time? Drama, danger, and sudden death swoop down on the Casa Paraiso. Read next week's eventful chapter of this vivid story of love and tropical adventure.

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☆ NOW that thousands of amateurs are making up war songs, I thought perhaps it could be useful to scout the field with veteran war-song writer Irving Berlin. Asked him what makes a war song click. . . . "The lyrics," he promptly replied. "You can turn any good tune into a patriotic song by giving it suitable lyrics. The Star-Spangled Banner was a drinking song originally, and Tipperary was an old vaudeville song with new words for war interest." . . . Mr. Berlin likes to make up his songs around some catchy popular phrase. A war always brings out new ones, so wherever he goes these days, he's listening. "Outside noises don't bother me," he said. "I write best between two and six o'clock in the morning. Nothing bothers me except a dripping faucet. I've written songs in every room in my house, even over the kitchen stove while frying eggs late at night." . . . The copyright of his song, Any Bonds Today? he donated to defense by gift to Secretary Morgenthau. Arms for the Love of America belongs to the Ordnance Department; Angels of Mercy to the Red Cross. He'll probably write a Pearl Harbor song, but hasn't yet. . . . If you think of sending Mr. Berlin one of *your* unpublished songs—he'd rather have a rattlesnake. For legal reasons he never opens manuscripts mailed to him unsolicited, so save the postage.

☆ ON a cross-country lecture jaunt I stop a few hours in Chicago; talk with Katharine Cornell at the Tavern Club, she modestly telling me she's lucky to have a good cast for her George Bernard Shaw play—"The only way to put Shaw over nowadays," she remarks. . . . To breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. Otho Ball at their treasure-filled apartment, my attention torn between gorgeous antiques and a perfect view of the lake shrouded in sun-shot mist. Dr. Ball is an authority on hospital equipment—his home is certainly soothing to the nerves. . . . To Don the Beachcomber's for *Gardenia Surprise* cocktails with Detroit friends, Mabel and George Slocum, they celebrating Mabel's birthday, and I looking at them with great pleasure, for when I see a couple so truly happy after more than twenty married years, this unbalanced world of ours seems not to rock quite so badly. . . . Between radio and lecture calls, Bill Shirer (Berlin Diary author) grabs a sandwich while we renew acquaintance. Bill likes leisurely eating better than quick-lunching, but prefers any United States snack to standing in line, European style, with a food-ration card.

☆ A GIRL from New York, married recently to a young San Francisco aircraft engineer, was homesick only for one item—a schoolgirl delight she couldn't find out West. When her husband flew East on a quick business trip, she said, "Oh, darling, bring me lots and lots of Tootsie Rolls with nuts!" Well, he forgot until just before flying back across the continent with his boss and a party of aviation bigwigs. His last-minute panic over Toosie Rolls with nuts struck these important men as being very strange indeed! To clear himself, he had to confess it was a bride's whim—whereupon all his superiors sympathized immediately. But when he reached home the dear girl accused him of having eaten three rolls himself; he had told her he'd brought fifty and there were only forty-seven! Then *he* blew up. They had their first quarrel. Were soon reconciled, as newlyweds always are.

☆ TIMELY with recollections of things worth defending is Mary Margaret McBride's new book, America for Me. (Published by the Macmillan Company. $1.)

☆ TRY *Columbia Stuffed Chicken* for that very special tête-à-tête dinner with your army or navy boy friend. . . . Buy a young chicken, about 2½ pounds. Fry 1 can whole-kernel dry-pack corn in a little butter. Add 3 mushrooms chopped and sautéed, 1 tablespoon minced parsley, 2 tablespoons thick cream sauce, pepper and salt. Stuff chicken with this, and roast 45 minutes, basting several times. When done, pour off all fat in pan; add ½ cup cream, ½ cup rye whisky. Let boil up once; thicken with 2 tablespoons of the cream sauce; serve with a fruit-and-lettuce salad.

☆ LANA TURNER doesn't mean what you might think when she speaks of her twin pyramids. She has two pyramid-shaped rings, one of diamonds, one of aquamarines, each at least an inch square, smaller stones building up from the sides to a large center stone. I saw her wearing them in Chicago. They're most unusual.

FULTON OURSLER

THE LAST WORD:

LESSONS FROM INSIDE LONDON

BY JOHN GUNTHER

BACK FROM LONDON

only a few days, John Gunther sat down and wrote us what he considers a really important piece. Mr. Gunther has a knack of knowing what the American people look upon as important. They picked his first great best seller, Inside Europe, as having great significance; they read his Inside Asia with equal interest, and for many weeks now his Inside Latin America has retained a sure place on the dizzy top pedestal of the best-seller lists. For the readers of Liberty he has written this exclusive article on Lessons from Inside London—the experiences of a war-scarred city that can be useful to us in the United States as now we face our baptism of fire.

Another fine piece in the forthcoming issue is The Real General MacArthur, by Drew Pearson and Robert S. Allen. I wish there were space to tell you more about this surprising and sprightly profile of a brave and great American officer. The table of contents for next week is so crowded with good things that I must hasten on to tell you about two short stories especially recommended —The Way Things Are, by Naomi Lane Babson, and No One's Obscure, by Edmund Ware. Then there is an article by George Jean Nathan about famous "curtain lines" spoken in the theater; an article that really amounts to a generous grab bag of short-short punches. Jack Dempsey writes about That Mythical 4-Minute Mile, an intensely interesting sports article, timely in these days when the Senior Indoor Track and Field Events of the A. A. U. are being held in New York's Madison Square Garden, and other similar events soon to follow. Mickey Mouse's best gags, with special help from Walt Disney, is a feature designed to stir the risibilities in a universe infected with bad news. These and your favorite regular features and heaping installments of The Private Life of the Yankees and From This Day Forward make up a collection we all hope you will find much to your taste!

SALMAGUNDI:

The great American tradition of the cracker barrel has not quite passed on. Indeed, I found it very much alive one never-to-be-forgotten night, not so long ago, when I was lecturing at the Civic Forum in Tiffin, Ohio. It was after the meeting was over that I came upon the redivivus cracker barrel. I was invited into a home, given a mug of Java and a fistful of cakes, and found myself a-jawing with a group of amiable-appearing gentlemen, filled with a love of the good things of life (those they had discovered, anyway; I don't think a man in the room had ever tasted New England clam chowder). They were tolerant and skeptical and sleepless. One was a physicist, another a biologist; our host was the local newspaper editor, and there were, among the others, a clergyman and a lawyer; and yet all got on serenely together and no one took offense. There was hauled forth, before the dawn came, a long white board ripped from the wall above the fireplace in another house where these gentlemen had formerly forgathered once a week. Scrawled on the white board were signatures of former visitors; I scribbled mine between two old friends who had gone this way before me. What did we talk about? Politics! Religion! Women! Isn't that what they always talked about—those philosophers of the small-town general store? Here's for more cracker-barrel revivals! . . . Tales of the F. B. I. are accumulating now into a rich body of legend. When agents of the Bureau relax—which is seldom these days—they have queer yarns to tell. One night recently, over coffee cups in the Detroit Athletic Club, I heard a true story from John S. Bugas, the agent in charge of that important wartime territory, our tank and bomber arsenal area. When Mr. Bugas was a young man, new in the service of the Department of Justice, he was ordered to duty in a Midwestern town. The district agent in charge promptly assigned him to an unsolved case on which every new operative in that office was made to harden his gums. This was the case of a Federal fugitive, a prisoner who had escaped soon after conviction. Bugas decided to check with the lawyer who defended the fugitive at his trial. The lawyer lived in a hamlet far out in the corn country; Bugas found him, suspenders down, collar open, in his office over a general store. The agent first produced his credentials—a card on which appeared his picture and a certification signed by J. Edgar Hoover. As the old lawyer studied this exhibit, Bugas went on to explain that he was looking for a fugitive from justice and hoped the lawyer would help him. The old fellow nodded vigorously and pointed a stubby forefinger.

"I know I've seen that crooked ——— somewhere," he agreed genially. He was pointing at the F. B. I. man's picture!

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday. FULTON OURSLER.

★ ★ ★ ★ **CONTENTS—FEBRUARY 28, 1942** ★ ★ ★ ★

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

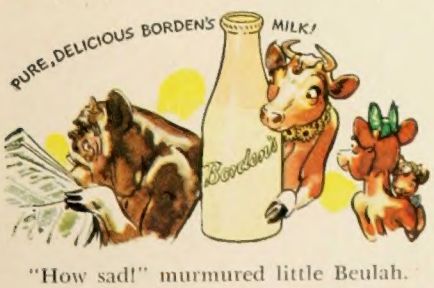
"That one's cousin Effie... we never mention her, my dear!"

"Why not, mummy?" asked little Beulah. "Was she the Black Sheep of the family?"

"Not exactly," replied Elsie, the Borden Cow. "None of us could quite be *that*. Of course, she was really more on your father's side of the family . . ."

Elmer, the Bull, snorted. "Hah! May I remind you that *your* Nephew Stanley had a record that makes my poor Cousin Effie's look . . ."

Elsie interrupted hurriedly: "It was shameful the way Cousin Effie always failed to make the grade. She never was the cow beyond reproach that Borden inspectors insist you be in order to produce milk for Borden's. So they never let a drop of her milk get by."



"How sad!" murmured little Beulah.

"It *was* tough on Cousin Effie," Elsie agreed, "but it's that strict, unrelaxing attitude of Borden experts all along the line that makes certain all *Borden's Milk* is extra good — as well as all the grand things that are made from that milk."

Elmer rustled his newspaper grumpily. "Off on milk again! You'd think it was your milk that made the world go round."

"No," said Elsie thoughtfully, "but it helps the world to run more smoothly. Right from the cradle, for instance, *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* helps babies to thrive. It's so digestible and rich in vitamin D that doctors approve it. And it's also the secret of lovely cream soups and fluffy mashed potatoes."

"It's no secret," muttered Elmer, "that you think pretty highly of your handiwork."

"I can't help but be pleased," Elsie admitted frankly, "when I think of all the people who love the marvelous cookies, candies, and cake frostings that are made

with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Yes — my family really have good reason to hold their horns high."

"You certainly believe in *blowing* yours," Elmer snarled.

"Not just for my family," Elsie pointed out, "but also for the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*. There's a score of them — and one of the noblest is creamy, golden-crusted *Liederkranz*. Far too grand a masterpiece for poor, irresponsible Cousin Effie ever to have a share in."

"You lay off Cousin Effie!" bellowed Elmer. "She may not have been perfect . . ."

"Exactly!" Elsie triumphed: "That's why she never could achieve anything as wholesome and luscious as the marvelous *Borden's Ice Cream* that gets its goodness from my milk and cream."

"Aw, you make me tired," complained Elmer.

"Folks who feel tired and need a lift," Elsie remarked, "find there's nothing quite so good as a smooth, refreshing *Borden's Malted Milk*. It's a great family favorite..."

"Your family! I'm sick of your family!" shouted Elmer stamping out of the room. "I'm going to a nice quiet bowling alley where they never heard of your family!"

"I really wasn't talking about *my* family then," Elsie explained to Beulah. "I meant all families — all over the country — the ones who've learned so well that . . . *"if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*"

* * *

Full-color Elsie Pictures from the ads — illustrations only, no advertising. Set of six suitable for framing, 7½ x 7½ inches. Write Elsie, Dept. 3-C, Post Office Box 61, New York, N.Y., enclosing 10 cents.
In Canada, address Borden, Toronto, Ontario.

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* *Based on average market price, U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

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